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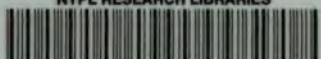
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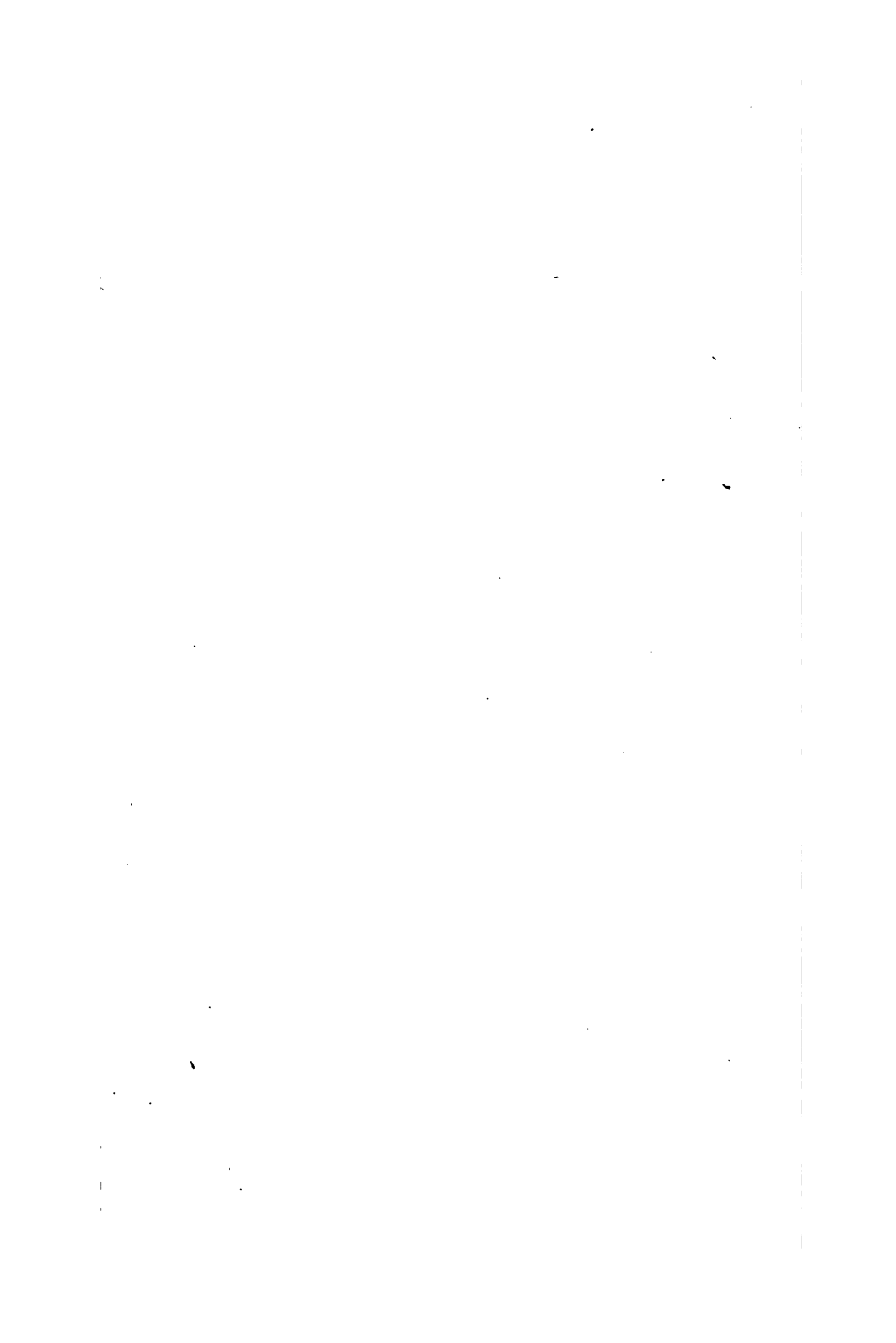
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Henry Dugard Webb.
New College, Oxford.

JEANNETTE ISABELLE.



JEANNETTE ISABELLE :

A NOVEL.

57
—— “ And yet I find
Most vain all hope but love ; and *thou* art far,
—— ! who, when my spirit overflow'd,
Wert like the golden chalice to bright wine,
Which else had sunk into the thirsty dust ! ”

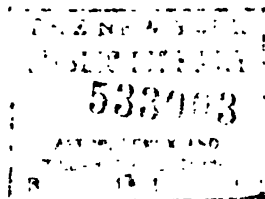
PROMETHEUS UNBOUND.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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JEANNETTE ISABELLE.

CHAPTER I.

THE word "désenchantement" is a sorrowfully-sounding word. I know not why it has been coined and incorporated in the French language sooner than in our own, unless it be that that nation have arrived at the melancholy crisis sooner than the English. A recent writer in Paris, contrasting the times in which we live with those of past history, has pronounced this to be emphatically "le siècle des désenchante-ments." The romance of chivalry, the enthusiastic devotion of religious zeal, the prestige of aristocracy, the inviolable sanctity of the throne,—all are probed if not penetrated, discussed if not destroyed by the

cold and cutting weapons of reason. And oh! if in the history of nations, and even of worlds, there seems to be indeed some inevitable point at which this melancholy process is destined to commence, how forcibly and how painfully true is the observation as applied to the individual biographies of each of us! Few have lived to attain the maturity of man's estate without perceiving that the work of disenchantment is begun within them. The thoughts, the feelings, the hopes, the joys, the generous confidence, and the open candour of youth,—above all, the disinterested love which blended and softened passion with the serenest and kindest affections of the heart, “and made a glory in a shady place,”—all these are fled. And it is well, perhaps, for the business and the practical affairs of life that it should be so. It is well even in the ordinary and every-day preferences which we are led to form by the attractions of beauty or the fascinations of manner, that the work of “désenchantement” should be almost as easily accomplished as the prepossession conceived.

How many a love-match has been spoiled by the mis-spelling of a single word, or badly turning of a single phrase in the first letter of the heroine! How

many an incipient flame has been entirely quenched by the simple discovery of the lady's having corns on her toes! Disenchantment again! How many a heart-sick lover has been cured in a country walk by seeing the awkwardness and want of elegance with which the adored one has got over a stile! Disenchantment the third! But it is endless to enumerate instances;—a look, a laugh, a remark, a gesture, a pimple, a freckle, may do the business. We allude, of course, only to the lighter and more superficial preferences which we are led sometimes to conceive, even at first sight, for one person over another.

Poor Louis Boivin had loved with no common devotedness,—his “*désenchantement*” was destined to be proportionably bitter. From the moment at which he made the fatal discovery which we have recorded in the last chapter, his health visibly declined with increasing rapidity. The defeat of his political schemes, the slaughter of some of his friends, and the imprisonment and impending trial of others, all these things contributed, indeed, their share to his disquiet, but were weak in the effect which they produced upon him in comparison with the shock which his heart had received. He became absent

and abstracted—a deep melancholy and dejection seemed to weigh him down to the earth.

Lord Fletcher, with his customary amiability, did all in his power to enliven him, and to make him bear up against the severe trial; but he did it with delicacy; for he felt that he himself, although unconsciously, had been the cause, as his rival, of all his present unhappiness. He knew that when a man once discovers, like Marmontel's Alcibiades, that he has never been truly loved, death is sweeter to him afterwards than life, and convinced as he was that his friend could not survive, he interested himself in endeavouring to smooth and lighten for him as much as possible his journey to the grave. To divert his mind and keep up his drooping spirits he led him, much against his inclination, to mix in circles of society where he would not under other circumstances, perhaps, have found so easy an admission.

A party at Mrs. Mac-Rubber's supplied one of these opportunities of amusement, of which Lord Fletcher was glad to avail himself on his friend's account. As the heat of the weather had now driven almost all the English from Paris, the society was scraped together from all the odds and ends which happened to remain in the metropolis.

Here figured in all his glory Mr. Earthstopper Brush Fivebars, who was pronounced, upon some occasion, by George Grainger to resemble nothing but a lump of animated mangel-wurzel garnished with gilt spurs. It has been said by Helvetius, that if men had only horses' hoofs instead of hands, a man would have no more ideas than a horse. Mr. Earthstopper Brush Fivebars, having lived more than half his life upon horseback and the remainder in the stable, could not be expected to have a much more extended range of imagination. Being asked on the occasion of a recent steeple-chase, whether he was going to the "course au clocher," he had taken "clocher" for the name of the village where the race was to come off, and, mounting his horse, he had ridden round to all the barrières, inquiring of people if they could tell him the road to Clocher.

By the side of Mr. Fivebars stood his promising young friend and imitator, Bob Tracy, who, having now completed his university education, had come over to Paris for one fortnight in the middle of summer, as if on purpose to be able to say that he had had the benefit of foreign travel, before subsiding into holy orders in a country parish for the rest of his life. He had brought in his pocket the

last new caricature of the day, which, being classical in its allusion, had particularly tickled his fancy. It represented Louis Philippe as Philip of Macedon, and the Duc d'Orleans, as Alexander; around the king's head were displayed on a banner the names of Jemappes and Valmy, while Alexander was weeping that his father Philip would leave him no more worlds to conquer.

Next came the celebrated beauty, Madame La Motte, to whom a French wit was making love in a corner.

"Ah! que la vie me pèse!" said the Frenchman; "que je voudrais bien mourir!"

"Comment mourir?" inquired the lady.

"Comme l'alouette," replied the Frenchman, "sur la motte."

There was a young Spaniard present, who was so exceedingly active a person that he could not remain still in his seat for two minutes together. He was always getting up to exhibit some absurd piece of agility or other. He could imitate excellently well a dog running after his tail; showed how an English sailor could run up a rope-ladder on board ship; and concluded his performances by a regular imitation of a Spanish bull-fight, in which

he took by turns the part of the bull, the matadore, and the ladies who bestowed on them their applause.

Miss Barbara Scraggs was also present on this occasion, having been sent over the water by her prudent and honourable mamma, to get her out of the way of the Kilkenny cat. Miss Barbara, to amuse her mind during the long uncertainty of her protracted love affair, had taken up, while in London, the study of the slang dictionary. She could now talk Whitechapel with as great ease and fluency as Mr. Fivebars or Bob Tracy himself. She defended her favourite pursuit with great ingenuity and great enthusiasm, observing that other young ladies learnt German, Italian, and Spanish, and she really did not see why she should not learn Whitechapel, if it pleased her, instead; and she accordingly kept on talking rather clever and very broad nonsense with Bob Tracy in a corner.

Tracy knew Fitz-Waterton, having lately met him at the University during his stay there; and this excuse was made available, as it is too often by fickle and fair young ladies, for a downright flirtation with the common friend. Under the pretence of talking over Fitz-Waterton, Tracy and Barbara

Scraggs soon began making love to each other, and from making love to each other, they got on by degrees to quizzing and laughing at the poor Kilkenny cat, in his absence.

Tracy narrated that a man in town, in allusion to Fitz-Waterton's *mongrel* sort of claim to move in the society of which he had constituted himself a member, had called him "that hybrid Irish gentleman"—which Fitz-Waterton, with his Irish ear, taking "hybrid" for "high-bred," had repeated all over London as a great compliment to himself. To which anecdote Miss Barbara added another, not less cutting in its way:—that Fitz-Waterton, on his late return from Paris, had assured her he had smuggled over "a vast quantity of *eau de Cologne water*;" and that he had talked about going to a "*soirée*" before dinner.

In another part of the salon, calembourgs and charades were the order of the day. Most of these had a political tendency; and it was only when some happy point told well against the arbitrary Louis Philippe, that the eye of young Boivin glistened with any interest.

The morning which succeeded the insurrection of Lamarque's funeral had been signaled by

proclaiming Paris in a state of siege, and the establishment of martial law in the capital. As it was thought that this rash and too despotic measure might eventually upset ministers on the opening of the Chambers, the construction of a new administration was already talked about as a thing inevitable. The embarrassment, likewise, in which the king had been placed only a month or two back, on the event of Casimir Perier's decease, had given occasion to a great many similar witticisms; and every name, which afforded an opportunity of a "double entente," had been converted, by the ingenuity of the Parisian punsters, into a calembourg. It had been said, that the king was unwilling to appear in the streets, through a dread of assassination, and Marshal Maison had also been named as one of the most probable successors of M. Perier. Hence it was said—"Que de peur d'être tué, le roi serait trop content de conduire le gouvernement à la maison."

"Louis Philippe est un grand architecte à Versailles," said another, in allusion to his splendid improvements in that palace; "mais à Paris, il ne sait pas faire même un petit cabinet."

Another individual cited it as a mark of Napo-

leon's good taste, that he had never lived at Versailles ; or, if he went thither, that he had contented himself with putting up at one of the Trianons : because Versailles was so identified with the memory of another great man, Louis Quatorze, that he felt it to be presumptuous to put his fame and that of the Grand Monarque in unnecessary contrast, by inhabiting the palace which is the finest monument to the latter's praise. This remark was immediately applied invidiously to Louis Philippe, who although spending a vast quantity of his own private fortune upon the repairs which are actually requisite for the immortal structure, has not succeeded in increasing his popularity by the sacrifice. One object, however, is attained by it, viz. the employment of a vast body of workmen, who otherwise might be troublesome in Paris.

Baron Molé next came in for his share of witticism, being also one of the most likely men to be appointed to form a new administration ; and it was said, " Que ce ministère seul serait assez ferme sur ses pieds, qui aurait pour son fondement, un bon et brave Molé (mollet)."

A great deal of amusement was caused at the expense of poor M. Lafitte, the ex-minister, whose

affairs as a banker had lately become so notoriously deranged. At a recent ballot for the presidency of the Chamber of Deputies, it had been found that his name was written on one of the billets M. J. Faillitte, instead of M. J. Lafitte, in allusion to his commercial misfortunes.

A great many other calembourgs were cited in the course of the evening, as—

“ De vingt-quatre soldats le capitaine je suis,
Sans moi Paris serait pris”—

which was discovered by Miss Barbara to mean the letter A; and she remarked at the same time, that taking away the letter L would, in the same way, make *London, undone*.

“ Napoléon après la bataille de Leipsic ”—demanded the little witty man, who had been talking to Madame La Motte—“ Napoléon après la bataille de Leipsic, pourquoi ressemble-t-il à l’homme dans la lune ? ”

“ Parcequ’il se trouvait dans les plus grands desastres (le plus grand des astres) ”—answered the Spaniard who had acted the bull-fight.

“ Why did the French nation submit so tamely to Napoleon’s tyranny ? ” asked Mrs. Mac-Rubber.

"Parceque l'arbre de la liberté était flétri, et il n'en restait que l'écorce (le Corse)."

"And why is it that one can never get a wild duck for supper at the bal de l'opéra?" said Fletcher, thinking of la belle Olympe.

"Parcequ'on laisse les cannes à la porte," replied Miss Barbara Scraggs.

"And have you no question to propose, or no witticism to relate?" asked the lady of the house, approaching the silent and melancholy Boivin.

"No new witticism," replied the dying republican; "but it was not a bad joke which Danton made, on his way to the scaffold, to the poet, Fabre d'Eglantine, who seemed somewhat cast down at his approaching execution:—'Courage, camarade! suivons notre métier! nous allons faire des vers.'"

So pensive a smile wreathed the ashy lip of the young and enthusiastic student as he spoke, that a visible interest was excited for him in the whole of the party present; but he hastened to quit the assembly as soon as he found himself an object of remark; and hastening home, through the pale moonlight, to his dark and dismal little cottage, he threw himself on his comfortless pallet, while his old mother, knowing that he had been to a

party in the house of an Englishwoman, told him, that she did not in the least pity him for his sufferings, his illness, or his misfortunes, for he had most deservedly brought them all upon himself through associating with those "sacrés chiens d'Anglais."

CHAPTER II.

"IL faut étudier les plaisirs de Paris," says the inimitable Balzac; yes, *étudier* is the word: and the author of *Père Goriot* himself never made a truer or more sensible observation. The pleasures of Paris are not to be learnt in a day. The diversions of Tivoli—the dances in the Champs Elysées—the dinners at the Café de Paris and the Trois Frères—the cheap and intellectual recreations of the Opéra Comique and the Vaudevilles—even for once in a way the lowlived buffooneries of Musard, or of the Café des Aveugles itself—each afford a peculiar and characteristic subject for study of their own. To learn the character of a nation it is necessary to mix deeply in its popular amusements. After the unsuccessful attempt of the republicans on the event of Lamarque's funeral, the government, while it appointed courts-martial, in direct defiance of the spirit of the

constitution, to try the prisoners which it had made, exerted itself at the same time, with more than its usual liberality, to divert the minds of the rest of the people, by supplying them with a continual round of amusements. Fireworks and balloons, distributions of meat and bread, and a judicious admixture of music and gallopades, were the means successfully resorted to for the time, for appeasing, in some degree, the feverish excitement which had seized possession of the public mind. It was ourious to remark the different way in which these things were regarded, by the different personages of our history, and the various effect which such gaieties around them produced.

Lord Arthur Mullingham and George Grainger, being at Paris only "*pour se distraire*," went everywhere, laughed everywhere, and enjoyed themselves everywhere. An occasional ride, on the part of Mullingham, over to Montmorency, for the purpose of dining and talking Conservatism with Lord Furstenroy, and a still more constant attendance of Grainger at the dinner table of the Comte de Carbonell, varied for each of these two insoucianta the monotony of their epicurean existence.

Richard Bazancourt, our hero, having delivered

his brother from his immediate troubles in Paris, tarried not a moment longer in the capital. Could he dance or smile, or listen to the voice of singing men and singing women, while his heart was far away? One sole object still haunted his thoughts; and anxious to secure, as soon as possible, a new retreat for his Jeannette Isabelle, he hastened his departure to Fontainebleau, on the afternoon of the sixth, at the same time that the citizen king, was parading Paris, now tranquillized after the storm of the yesternight, and occasionally setting his foot in a puddle of some soldier's or republican's life-blood.

Mr. Snuffles, who was very "dolorously doleful, and unhappily melancholy," as he said, "after the late occurrences," had already returned to London.

Louis Boivin, who, on many accounts, felt the same reluctance as Richard Bazancourt to entering upon a career of gaiety in the present state of circumstances, only mixed in any society at all, when he found it impossible to evade or resist the solicitations of Lord Fletcher; who, feeling the same interest in his young enthusiastic companion as ever, was anxious to lead him into forgetfulness of his misfortunes, by distracting his mind with more

amusing objects. His thoughts, nevertheless, reverted frequently to Sansargent, who, with many other of his late confederates, was now subjected to the closest imprisonment; and as Sansargent had been seen firing repeatedly on the soldiery, and the impending trials were to be conducted before a military tribunal, there seemed little probability of the sturdy republican escaping with his life. The secret object, too, which, perhaps even unknown to himself, had, more than any other, influenced Boivin's political views, was now taken from him. His sense of justice, or his universal philanthropy, might still induce him to wish for a state of general equality; but the hope which constituted the crowning glory of the whole, the fond trust that he was to be repaid for all his laborious efforts, by the rewarding smile of his noble bride, existed no longer for him. This it was that had supported him, beyond his strength, up to the present crisis, and lent a preternatural energy to his exertions; but when he once had found that his goddess was made of clay,—when he once had been convinced that she, whom his warm fancy had invested with every virtue, and endowed with every mental grace, had basely deceived him, from the moment of that discovery, the spell which

bound him to life seemed broken, and he pined rapidly away. Lord Fletcher, however, on the morning after Mrs. Mac-Rubbers' party, had made an engagement, purposely to amuse him, to go and call upon Mr. Earthstopper Brush Fivebars, and although the morning visit did not even profess any more inviting ostensible object, than the tasting a new box of old Havannahs, and looking over a collection of horse-whips and dog-whips, Fletcher was positively determined that Boivin should accompany him, in order to kill the ennui of the long summer's morning.

Mr. Earthstopper Brush Fivebars, being a bachelor, and not having yet attained his thirtieth year, might have been appropriately designated, from the confusion and muddle of all his domestic arrangements, "the uncomfortable man." Although a person of considerable property, and sparing no expense to gratify the most trivial whim which he might happen to take into his head, nothing could exceed the apparent discomfort and disorder that reigned in his apartments. He had a first rate lodging, au premier, in the Rue de Rivoli, a quartier so respectable, that Balzac has decided that a femme honnête may live there even au quatrième, without risking the loss of her character. The furniture of

the rooms, and the general detail of his equipment, displayed a degree of ornament and embellishment, which only wealth could command. Nevertheless, either his natural indolence of character, or an innate love of untidiness, had managed to convert his apartments into a sort of promiscuous wilderness of disorder. He was, indeed, of so lazy a disposition, that, like Thomson the poet, he could have stood in his garden, with his hands in his pockets, and eaten the peaches off the boughs where they hung, to save himself the trouble of gathering them. It is needless to say, however, that this was the only point of resemblance between him and the poet. He was the very antipode to the old English principle of having a place for every thing, and having every thing in its place. He had a strong antipathy to married women and maid servants; because, as he said, they were always setting things to rights, by reason of which, whenever one came into his room, he was sure to lose every thing: gloves, whip, dog-whistle, cigar-case, everything was certain to be missing directly his room was set to rights; and he had consequently issued peremptory orders to his landlady, that no maid, who entered his lodging with broom or duster, should ever be allowed to

touch or move anything. He had dozens of new boots lying about his room; but no boot-hooks were visible, either because he fancied he was too poor to buy a pair, or because he had been too lazy to order such articles since his arrival in Paris; hence his middle fingers constantly displayed a red and nearly raw mark, produced by the exertion of pulling his boots on by the efforts of unassisted nature. He had dozens of new books scattered over his table; but the same reasons which had prevented his buying the boot-hooks, had apparently deterred him from purchasing a paper-cutter: and the leaves of the books consequently, of those few, at least, which he had opened, gave evidence, by their roughly serrated edges, that they, too, had been cut by the same natural process, that is to say, with his finger. Strewed amongst the books lay here and there the extinct stump of many a stale cigar, and ashes shaken from a pipe deformed the cover of numerous goodly octavos. A profusion of whips, of all sorts and sizes, were dispersed over the room, and they all bore the name of Crowther, for owing to the publication of a correspondence in *Galignani*, some time previously, in which one gentleman had threatened "to lay across the back of the other his double-thonged

Crowther," that whip-maker had obtained an enormous increase of custom on the Continent, and French, English, Germans, and Belgians, could content themselves with whips of no other manufactory. Mr. Fivebars never had a purse to keep his money in, but left it lying about loose in his linen-drawer. His drawers were full of stockings and five-franc pieces, and when he wanted any money, his custom was to put on a clean shirt, and sundry coins were sure to tumble out of the folds of the linen in the course of the operation. He was so habitually careless in all his movements, that having lately had occasion to write down with his pencil on the back of one of his cards the addresses of a great many houses and pretty women in Paris, which he would have especially wished to conceal, he had inadvertently slipped it into his card-case with the rest, and actually left the guilty card, with his own name on one side of it, and all these addresses on the other, at the door of a very strict old English dowager in the Champs Elysées. But what annoyed him more than the loss of his character was the loss of the addresses. Mr. Fivebars never spoke of ladies in other terms than those which are used in discussing the merits of a horse. He talked of one woman being "in good condition ;"

another was "full of beans," if she was gay and lively; and a third had "grand action and easy paces." If you told Mr. Fivebars that you had been to a very agreeable party, he immediately asked you "how much wine was there drunk?" as this was his criterion of what was agreeable; and he was in the habit of complaining bitterly that modern wine-glasses were so small "that he always tired his arm before he filled his stomach." Yet there was a touch of romance in Mr. Fivebars, as there is in every body, if you can discover the true chord of sympathy, and he had once been known to say that he should like to be married "if he could only get a little girl to sit upon a stool and love him all day long." He was wont to ridicule severely the want of equestrian skill amongst the French, and was of opinion that the reason there are no turnpikes in France, is because the men turn out their toes so much on horseback that they would never be able to get through them. This was the most witty thing that he had ever said, and being perfectly aware of its merit, he was perpetually repeating it, especially in the presence of Frenchmen. If ever he said a good thing at other times, it was by accident, and as it were in spite of himself; and when Fletcher entered his room with

young Boivin, and accosted him with "Well, Five-bars, my dear fellow, how have you been spending your day?" he replied—

"I have been sitting four or five hours in a warm bath, with the window open, smoking a cigar, counting the flies on the ceiling, and listening to a hand-organ in the street;" but he said this innocently, and was not in the least aware that he had committed anything amusing.

Amid the heaps of books, whips, and cigar-ashes on the table, lay also interspersed with the other articles, a profusion of notes, written by fair hands, for he was never at the pains to conceal even his most private correspondence, and the concerns of his family, the necessities of his creditors, and the miscellaneous nature of his amours, all lay open for the perusal at will of any one who chose to take the trouble to read them. The commencements of sundry of these billets-doux were plainly enough visible on the top of the page, as they lay half open on the table.

"Je suis enchantée, cher ami, de votre joli cadeau;" or "Vous êtes si bon et si aimable, mon brave Earthstopper;" or "Ayez donc la complaisance de me prêter cent francs, mon joli petit Brush;" these were the ominous beginnings of half-a-dozen of the

most prominent specimens of his correspondence. But what Mr. Fivebars prided himself on most, was a series of letters which had passed between himself and a sort of nondescript English lady, whom he had met walking in the Tuilleries; and though his share of the correspondence was dictated entirely by the superior tact and style of his friend Tracy, he did not on that account exhibit the interchange of notes with less satisfaction to Fletcher and Louis Boivin. The first advances were of course on his side, and Tracy, whose judgment was on this occasion treacherous, had thought to carry the thing through by a bold coup in the first instance. The writing was as follows:—

“MY DEAR LITTLE DARLING,

I am determined to make your acquaintance, so pray send me word when you will let me come and see you.—Most impatiently yours,

E. B. FIVEBARS.”

To this effusion the following answer was received.

“SIR,

It is very evident, from the language in which your note of yesterday was couched, that you were

perfectly mistaken in the character of the person whom you had the honour to address. I therefore beg leave most distinctly and explicitly to declare, that I neither have nor wish to have the pleasure of your acquaintance; neither should I have vouchsafed any other answer to your insulting proposal than the silent contempt it merited, had I not had reason to fear the treachery of my femme de chambre, whom no persuasions on my part could induce to deliver my message as I desired it should be conveyed. For the rest, as I have never yet met the Englishman who would persecute an unprotected and unoffending female, I should be sorry to find that the air of Paris had so far influenced Mr. Fivebars' nature, as to induce him to pursue an ungentlemanly line of conduct towards one who has pleasure in subscribing herself,

AN ENGLISHWOMAN."

Rue Lepelletier, Thursday, 10 A. M.

This answer Fivebars considered as "a complete floorer," as he expressed it, and he would have given the thing up in despair, imagining that he had received a severe rap on the knuckles. Not so, however, the more experienced and discriminating Robert

Tracy. *He* remarked at once that the letter was too unnecessarily long to be intended for an absolute repulse. In the first place, why need she have written at all? In the next place, why take such pains to let him know that she was unprotected? It appeared to the sagacious Tracy that the best plan was to let the thing drop for two or three days, (it never answers to appear too impetuous at first), and after the expiration of that time, to send her the following letter, which he indited obligingly for his friend. It was now necessary to entirely change the tone :

“MADAM,

I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th instant. Severe indisposition, the result of anxiety of mind, combined with a natural, and I hope, pardonable reluctance to execute the thankless and suicidal task of renouncing my own happiness for ever, have prevented me up to this moment wearying you with even a farewell. In order not to distress you by one moment's apprehension to the contrary, I will now in the first place give you my promise, in answer to your request, that when I shall have signed and sealed this writing, I will never pre-

sume to worship you, except in silence and at a distance, again. Having thus relieved your distrust of my discretion in this particular, I hope I am not trespassing, if I consider it due to you and to myself, to give a short history of a sentiment, whose power you have only augmented by prohibiting its future expression. It is a week since I had, in the Rue Rivoli, the happiness or misfortune first to see you. The presence of a friend, and the delicate regard with which you filled me, prevented my tracing you at that time to your home, which however I determined to do should I be alone when we were next destined to meet. The only remark then made, either by my companion or by me, related to that expression of talent which you so singularly unite with a most noble beauty, and which shines even through the severity of your few lines of yesterday. This was my earliest knowledge of you. On Monday I was unaccompanied when I overtook you on the Boulevards, and I don't think any obstacle on earth could then have arrested my resolution to ascertain your name and habitation. With this view, after you had entered your door, I very unjustifiably took the liberty of applying at the conciergerie, where I plead guilty to having procured a sight of your passport, and the

conveyance of the offending letter. Further than this I know nothing. I have mentioned your existence to no one. I have asked of your position from no one. Your answer, which I retain in your own handwriting, will be preserved religiously ever, as the monument at once of my best hope's destruction, and the proof of that excellence, to the possession of which they were once so vainly ambitious as to aspire. I now take my leave of you very sorrowfully for all time to come, and shall pass you like a stranger in the street, and perhaps regarded by you without either pardon or pity. This will give me pain; yet still, like the man of a forbidden creed, I shall at least pay my adorations in secret, and offer up my heart's incense seven times a day in silence and solitude upon your altar. May I hope that if at any future day, an opportunity should arise which may enable me to be presented to you in the society which you are created to adorn, and with the respect and consideration which you merit, you will so far forget the present as not to banish me utterly for the future, and allow me in some sort to redeem my character, by imposing on me any task, which, however difficult and dangerous, may conduce, in the remotest degree, to serve you? —I have, Madam, the honour to be, with the pro-

foundest humility and the deepest respect, your most obedient and most humble servant,

E. B. FIVEBARS."

This time Tracy had not been deceived in his calculation; the insidious epistle produced exactly the intended effect, and within three hours after it had been dispatched Mr. Fivebars was surprised by a tap at the door of his apartment. "Entrez," cried out the impatient sportsman, and a neatly dressed femme de chambre walked in, bearing the compliments of the English lady, with expressions of deep regret that Mr. Fivebars had been indisposed, hoping that his health was by this time restored, and inviting him to pay her a visit in the Rue Lepelletier, as soon as her brother should have quitted Paris, which she expected would be in a few days.

Exultingly Mr. Earthstopper Brush Fivebars set out immediately for Tracy's lodgings, to whom he reported the tempting answer with an air of triumph. "Now I shall be a happy man at last," exclaimed Mr. Fivebars.

"Oh, no; you must be no such thing," replied Tracy, "you must stand more on your dignity;—your object in obtaining the lady's consent, by your

eloquent note, was to have your revenge for the contempt with which you were treated by her in the first instance."

"What would you have me do then?" enquired Fivebars, who submitted himself implicitly in all these matters to the superior experience of Tracy.

"Why, cut her dead, and laugh in her face the first time you meet her in the street, to be sure," answered Bob, "and that will teach her to behave herself better on the next occasion."

The simple Mr. Fivebars obeyed Tracy's instructions, and Tracy himself had in the meantime taken good care to avail himself of the useful information thus conveyed to him by his catspaw, the confiding and unsuspecting Mr. Fivebars.

We do not mean to say that the whole of this story, as we have here given it, was told by Fivebars to his visitors, Boivin and Lord Fletcher, for of course he was unacquainted with the treachery which his kind friend Tracy had exhibited towards him; but we have told the story at length, in hopes that its moral may do some little good, if the reading of it may hereafter prevent any man from giving up in despair that which only requires a little knowledge of women and a little perseverance to secure its attain-

ment; or, on the other hand, restrain even one weak woman from placing confidence in the false professions and lying protestations of that arch-deceiver man !

Women are accused by the stronger sex of insincerity and deception ; they are reproached for dissimulation and cheating ; are called heartless hypocrites, and faithless flirts, and designing traitresses : and let us ask who is to blame, even if they be so ? Whose fault is it that their confiding and credulous bosoms are first taught suspicion and distrust, but that of men who awake that suspicion, and merit that distrust by deceiving them ? And if, when they are once made aware, by painful experience, of the fraud and falsity of others, they mask themselves afterwards in lies ; if they too have recourse to the shield of concealment, and arm themselves with the weapons of deception, are they not in some measure justified for this, by the necessity of coming on equal terms into the field ? Of sincerity there is little enough in the world, God knows ! but of what little there is, nineteen parts out of twenty lie on the side of woman.

CHAPTER III.

WE shall be accused of making endless and unnecessary digressions; and, indeed, the present chapter and the preceding one are far from being an essential part, or connecting link in our general history. They are devoted to the sketches of two characters, Mr. Earthstopper Brush Fivebars, and Mr. Robert Tracy, who will not, we fear, possess any great interest for the generality of our readers; nevertheless, as they are, we believe, tolerably faithful copies of the manner in which many young Englishmen spend their time in Paris, after leaving their regiments, quitting the university, or coming into their fortunes, we have ventured to let them stand even as they were written, in the same way as two detached family portraits may occasionally be seen hanging by themselves apart in the midst of a gallery devoted to historical paintings.

As Tracy had been the cotemporary of Lord Fletcher's brother at college, and had been introduced to him the preceding evening by Fivebars as his most intimate friend, he was naturally one of the persons to whose lodging the young nobleman conducted his companion, Louis Boivin, in his vain attempt to cure him of his melancholy, by amusing his mind. We have seen enough of Bob Tracy, during his college career, to perceive that he was not a person very likely to make both ends meet, except in the way of "*brulant la chandelle aux deux bouts*," even had he possessed twenty thousand per annum. He still contrived to spend a great deal more than his income, and having added the propensity of gambling to his other habits of expenditure, since coming to Paris, he became more and more involved in pecuniary difficulties every day. He always had been given to the god of the grape, and being led by his feverish state of mind to drink still deeper than usual, he had rapidly lost his good looks; for though he had come originally to Paris only to pass a fortnight, he had prolonged the time indefinitely beyond that period, on account of his utter inability to pay the nume-

rous debts, which must nevertheless be discharged before leaving the French capital. Not contented, like Shallow, with "hearing the chimes at midnight, a little too often," he frequently extended his potations till he heard the birds chirp in the morning, and his only chance of ever seeing the sun rise, was by sitting up all night over the bottle. The principal difference between him and Fivebars, independently of the disparity of their talents, was, that Fivebars was rich, and Tracy was poor; but then Fivebars would never have known how to spend his money, if he had not been schooled by Tracy. The luxury of a clean pair of kid gloves every time of smoking a cigar, was unknown to Fivebars, till Tracy taught him.

Tracy said, that his own greatest misfortune was to possess gentlemanly tastes, to have contracted gentlemanly habits and ideas, and to have always kept company with gentlemen. A gentleman has been defined to be a person who has no ostensible means of getting a livelihood, and in such sense Tracy's claim to the title was indisputable. He considered that there was no intervening medium between the character and the expenditure of a gentleman of three thousand a

year, and those of the common day-labourers in the fields. He did not at all like the path which had been chalked out for him in life—the prospect of taking a curacy, and keeping one hog-maned cob on grass and grave-stones in a church-yard; and he talked, as soon as he had quite exhausted all his resources, and could positively keep the game going no longer, of putting on a blouse, taking a cottage, and working as a common ouvrier for wages. This, he said, would be much better than living, like Dr. O'Toole, in the Irish Tutor, on two hundred a year, and the run of the small-beer barrel.

No animal is so pitiable in the world as a very poor gentleman; and Sheridan, when he said that he liked staying in people's houses very well till the last day of the fortnight arrived, and he found he had not five shillings in his pocket to give the servants, was in a miserable though not uncommon case.

Bob Tracy, now beginning to economize for the first time in his life, did not know at which end to begin, and whilst he affected to retrench in his shoe-strings, or his snuff, continued risking twenty or thirty pounds every night at Frascati's, as if

it were nothing at all. He afforded the most perfect illustration of the old proverb—"being penny wise, and pound foolish," and had been literally known, in former days, one morning, after winning a large sum, to wrap up three pennyworth of halfpence in a five pound note, in order to fling them out of the window to a beggar. No lesson is harder for a young man than to learn the value of money.

Bob Tracy had a good heart at bottom, an excellent disposition, and very strong feelings; but, from a long-indulged habit of disregarding the future, "living from hand to mouth," as it were, and pursuing a system of selfish gratification, his feelings had long since ceased to have any practical connection with his actions. He could almost weep at a tragedy; the tears would absolutely come into his eyes at the catastrophe of a romantic tale; but his heart did not work upon his practice. He was become like an old clock, of which the springs continue to go indeed, but, owing to some internal defect in the connection of the wheels of the machinery, they do not produce the proper effect upon the hands. He grew gradually more and more sarcastic, as he advanced in years, and because he had selected for himself associates who were un-

principled and insincere, he had taught himself to believe that all men are without principle and without sincerity. Whenever, in the midst of his difficulties, he applied to one of his late companions to assist him, he found himself met by rebuffs and estrangement. Dr. Johnson, in his *Life of the unfortunate Otway*, has said, "As he who desires no virtue in his companion, has no virtue in himself, those whose society he frequented had no purpose of doing more for him than to pay his reckoning. They desired only to drink and laugh. Their fondness was without benevolence; and their familiarity without friendship:" and these words poor Bob Tracy was frequently reminded of, when he came to review his own position.

We have given, in our last chapter, a few specimens of the general tone of Mr. Fivebar's correspondence. Tracy, who was equally careless, let his letters lie about his table just in the same manner, but their contents were generally of a far less agreeable nature. Some of them were as follows:

"My dear Sir,—I regret extremely that great arrears of tythe, and the necessity of making con-

siderable repairs in my glebe-house this year, prevent my making you the advances which you request. At the same time that I am obliged to deny you this, I would anxiously impress upon your mind the advisability of settling all your responsibilities without delay, and coming home to fulfil your clerical duties in England."

"And how the devil," asked Bob Tracy, indignantly throwing down the letter, "how the devil am I to settle my responsibilities, unless my guardian will send me the money?"

The next was as follows:

"Dear Bob,—I would send you the money I owe you directly, with much pleasure, but I really have it not by me, and I know you would be sorry to inconvenience me. Damn it, old fellow, you must be turning saint, or something—talking of taking orders, and dunning for an old college gambling debt, are decided symptoms of a man thinking of making up his accounts with this world, and with the next too. I must, however, beg you to let me avail myself of your kind offer of paying this sum, at my own convenience.—Adieu."

"The ungrateful blackguard!" exclaimed Tracy, when this letter arrived, "I desired him to pay

the money, which he has owed me these two years, at his earliest convenience, thinking I could not use a stronger expression, and he coolly thanks me for my kindness, in saying he may pay me whenever it suits him! Go on to the next."

"Mr. Doubleyou presents his compliments to Mr. Tracy, and begs to return him the enclosed letter, which probably was sent him by mistake, as he has no recollection of having the honour of Mr. Tracy's acquaintance."

"Very well, indeed!" said Tracy, "extremely satisfactory, upon my word—this is from a man, who is indebted to my father and my family for every farthing, and every luxury, which he at present possesses. *Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris.* Go on to the next."

"Dear Sir,—I was considerably surprised at the tenor of a letter I lately received from you, requesting the loan of a hundred pounds. The respect I bear to the memory of your late excellent father would alone be sufficient to deter me from complying with your unreasonable petition; but, independently of this powerful motive, I have another reason, more influential still; it is, that I made a vow on a recent occasion, in which my

mistaken liberality had induced me to relieve a poor acquaintance, by whom I was eventually taken in, that I never would, for the future, subject myself to a similar loss. I cannot conscientiously break my vow, and I hope you will believe that it is with a view to your own good, and with a firm assurance that it is best for you, that I now refuse to comply with the request in your letter."

"*Dulcis inexpertis cultura potentis amici*," quoted Tracy again, as he laid down the letter. "This is a man out of whose pocket a hundred pounds would be no more missed than a drop of water from the Atlantic."

Another was from a tradesman :

"Sir,—It has been my custom occasionally to oblige, with advances of small sums of money, gentlemen who have dealt with me for a period of many years, and who can give me good security on mortgage. As I fear these terms will not be applicable to your present case, I must beg to decline acceding to the proposition you make to me, and request at the same time your speedy attention to a small account left standing in my book, and which, I am sure, you must have forgotten."

The sole remaining letter on the same subject

was from a near relation, who made a proposal so iniquitously usurious in its terms, that there is not a Jew in all Monmouth Street but would have been scandalized at its enormity.

“*Quid fœnerari?*” said Tracy to himself. “*Tum Cato, quid hominem inquit occidere?* And this,” continued he, as he turned over the discouraging sheets of paper on the table before him, “this is experience;—it is worth learning certainly; but it is pleasanter to be taught by the experience of others than by one’s own. The ultimate result will be, that I shall be driven from necessity into the hands of the forty per cent. and eighty per cent. money-lenders; I shall get into St. Pelagie, from which place either I must be delivered by my guardians and relations paying ten times the sum which is now requisite to get me out of my difficulties, or else I must be carried out in my coffin, with my toes turned up and my throat cut in despair.”

It was at this period of his history that our friend Bob, one night having got into bed rather earlier than usual, and being in a meditative mood, committed to paper the following rules of action, from which may be, perhaps, gleaned a few useful hints by our readers :

Rule 1.—Τὸ τελέος, as my old Oxford friend Aristotle says, ought to be proposed to every action.

Remark.—When I came to Paris I was a fool, for I had no other object in view than just to amuse myself and go back again.

Rule 2.—A man should always be punctual in answering letters.

Remark.—I have lost more good friends by apparent neglect in this way, than I shall ever gain in any other.

Rule 3.—A wise man will never accept a bill for any body under any circumstances.

Remark.—This is an excellent rule; but I feel myself to be too good a fellow, or too weak a fool, to refuse any acquaintance who asked me; and if Fivebars wanted me to accept a bill for five hundred for him to-morrow, I would do it with pleasure, though I have not a farthing in the world.

Rule 4.—Aristotle was right in placing happiness ἐν μέσότητι.

Remark.—My fault in life has ever been excess; too much wine—too much love—too much good-nature—too much vanity;—Sol was right in his advice to Phaeton—medio tutissimus ibis; yet damn all mediocrity, say I.

Rule 5.—A man should keep his friends who are high in station for the sake of introductions, and for the purposes of society ; and should only use those who are below him in position for the sake of more solid assistance, if he requires it.

Illustration.—If you want to borrow money, don't go to Lord Listless, but to your tailor : every time you ask an acquaintance for money, you make an enemy ; which is the reason that I have not attacked Fivebars.

Rule 6.—If any one comes to borrow money of you, even though you are detected with a pile of gold on the table, tell him that you have to pay it all away in the course of six hours, and don't lend him a farthing.

Remark.—A capital rule this, if I can make up resolution enough to abide by it.

Illustration.—I have more promises to pay lying in the bottom of my trunk for money lent, than would settle all the bills which I owe in Paris.

Rule 7.—Always keep some ready money in your pocket : it is better to come to the last extremities with your duns than to be without half-a-crown in your purse.

Remark.—Very true.

Rule 8.—If you want pecuniary assistance from your *friends*, you must sue for it “in formâ pauperis;” if you prefer going to a *money-lender*, you must demand it “in formâ divitis.”

Illustration.—It won’t do to drive up to a gentleman’s door to borrow his money in your own tilbury, covered with gold chains, rings, and new kid-gloves; but these are just the sort of things to make a grand impression on the tender mercies of the *snob*, and will convince him that you are a man of credit, and do him a great favour by using his money.

Rule 9.—Whenever you arrive afresh in a place where you have formerly resided and left many creditors, call on them all the very first morning after your arrival.

Remark.—Whenever I go back to Oxford I shall have a great many calls to make.

Rule 10.—Deal only at first-rate shops, and you will be sure to be treated like a gentleman.

Illustration.—Herbault never dunned me yet in his life, though half the women in Paris have had new hats from his shop at my expense, or rather at his.

Rule 11.—Never make any promise which you are not certain of being able to fulfil; and if you

happen to receive any money, or win any considerable sum at play, pay off a bill with it the very next morning.

Rule 12.—Adopt as a rule the precept of certain ancient philosophers,—always to treat your friends as if they may one day become your enemies, and your enemies as if they may one day become your friends.

Remark.—Too cold and cautious for me, but wise, especially the first part of it. I never could learn the maxim by heart of treating every one as a knave till I know he is an honest man.

Rule 13.—In your transactions with other men, always calculate on their interests, and never on their good feeling or affection.

Query.—Is it not Cicero who says, that he is a lucky man who in his journey through life finds a single friend; but he that finds two friends experiences a good fortune which is perfectly extraordinary?

Rule 14.—Never waste money on eatables or drinkables, or other things which leave nothing to show for your expenditure.

Remark.—There is a vast difference between spending and buying; you cannot be far wrong in

buying a good thing cheap, as it is always money's worth, and may be disposed of again; but I must give up cabs and cigars; as for the latter, it is literally, as Fivebars facetiously calls it, silver-(Silva)-smoking.

Rule 15.—Endeavour to act in everything *εἰς πρό-
αποσώς*, as Aristotle says; “de proposito,” according to Cicero; or *on principle*, in the language of plain English.

Remark.—I trust I shall never give up reading the classics: old Horace alone is worth all your modern moralists put together.

Rule 16.—Percunctatorem fugito.

Remark.—Nam garrulus idem est.

Rule 17.—Lord Chesterfield tells his son, that it is better to establish an intrigue with a married woman than to frequent the society of courtezans. If a man *must* do either one or the other, this may be true; do not, however, let economy be one of your motives for this, as you will be mistaken; it is sure to cost you more.

Illustration.—The Countess d’Almaine made me take twenty tickets, at ten francs each, the other day, for a concert given by one of her protégés.

Rule 18.—Entertain the greatest possible con-

tempt for the opinion of the world, and exhibit towards it the greatest possible deference.

Rule 19.—Wherever the utile and the honestum are placed in opposition to each other, choose the honestum in preference to the utile.

Query.—If, in driving on a country road at night, you find a turnpike-gate left open in your way, ought you to go through without paying, or to knock up the toll-keeper out of his sleep in order to give him a halfpenny, and break his night's rest?

Rule 20.—If you don't like these rules, consult those which Polonius gives his son Laertes in Hamlet, which will do quite as well.

Remark.—It has been the fashion, amongst late critics, to consider the speech of Polonius as "the commonplace and barren prosing of a garrulous old gentleman," and such is represented as having been the intention of the poet. I don't believe that Shakespeare designed so much finesse. In Germany, so far from its being generally regarded as a piece of inane and superficial dogmatism, it is in everybody's mouth as a complete manual of worldly wisdom, and I never found a German student yet who did not know it by heart.

Such were some of the rules of action, with their appropriate annotations, which Bob Tracy had laid down for himself in his solitary moments of reflection ; and, trite and universally obvious as they may appear to be to some people, Tracy attached no inconsiderable importance to some of the brilliant discoveries therein made. Entering life with a warm heart and generous feelings, it was not till very late that Tracy had learnt to appreciate men as they are and the world as it is. In some senses he might be said to know the world young ; but it was only that he knew how to hunt, to drink, to conduct an intrigue with a woman, or to say a sharp thing better and at an earlier age than most men. Of the real practical affairs of life he knew little or nothing ; and, too late, he was led to acknowledge that plain practical common sense is worth all the Latin and Greek in the world in a child's education. With regard to a knowledge of the world, great and incalculable advantage results from the mere circumstance of being born in an elevated station. The nobleman is, as it were, placed on an eminence, from which he has a commanding and extended view of the country wide around him ; he can distinguish the bearings and relative positions of ob-

jects, of which the man placed in the valley can only see one at a time : the man of high birth, from his very position, and even from the experience of business which the management and expenditure of his own fortune naturally afford him, must necessarily hear subjects discussed, follies ridiculed, and facts mentioned in his very childhood, which come to the knowledge of one of humbler condition only by chance, and in the course of the experience of his after-life. Tracy was the son of a country clergyman. His knowledge of the world he had to earn entirely for himself, by the efforts of his own labour and his own individual observation,

CHAPTER IV.

It was not always that Bob Tracy gave way to such fits of despondency, as that which gave rise to the above train of reflections. Whatever his difficulties or his embarrassments might be, his temper was too elastic, and his spirits too buoyant, to be cast down by adversity long together. One day he was agreeably surprised in walking down the Rue de la Paix, to find his arm suddenly seized by a strong, but friendly grasp, and looking round, he recognized, with the most unfeigned joy, the well known old Christchurch face of Richard Bazancourt. Our hero was on his way back from Fontainebleau, where he had arranged every thing satisfactorily for the reception of Jeannette Isabelle, and his purpose was to leave Paris again for Calais early the following morning. Many and long were the greetings between these old college friends, who, although they

had never been remarkably or exclusively intimate during their university career, now found a thousand topics of conversation, which only themselves could understand or enjoy in common.

"Do you remember the night of the town and gown row," asked Tracy, "and the fight which little Crackjaw, of Corpus, had with Simon barge-owner (Barjona), as he facetiously called the big boat-man?"

"Or the way in which five-and-thirty of us were obliged to retreat into the Roebuck," continued Bazancourt, "by the untimely arrival of the proctor. He drove us all into the front room on the ground floor, I remember, and turned the key in the door whilst he went to call for a pen and ink. He thought us no doubt all very secure; but, in the meantime, young Crackjaw flung up the sash-window, and one after the other we all jumped out into the street, so that when the proctor unlocked the door to take down our names, we were all fighting again outside, and not a soul to be found in the room."

"How well I remember it!" said Bob Tracy, "and don't you recollect, Bazancourt, Tom Harris getting over the back wall at Christchurch one night, because he was afraid to knock in after

twelve, and his sliding down the long blue spout into one of the canon's rain-water tubs, where we heard him splashing about up to his neck in water, and endeavouring in vain to scramble up its slippery sides?"

"Perfectly," replied Bazancourt, "and I have not forgotten either the trick you played upon the unfortunate wine-merchant, who sold you the bad black-strap at sixty shillings a dozen. I went to meet him in your rooms at luncheon, and perfectly remember the gravity with which you told him that you had been taken in, you were afraid, by a London dealer; and the air with which you poured him out a glass of his own wine, assuring him it came from London, and desiring him to taste it, and give his opinion—and the importance and self-satisfaction with which he smacked his lips and made a wry face, and pronounced it to be no better than Warren's blacking, and not worth thirty shillings a dozen—and the roar of laughter with which his impartial opinion was greeted, by a party assembled on purpose to witness his self-condemnation."

"Ah! my dear fellow," said Tracy, with more than half a sigh, "those were the days of the sunshine of the heart; but they are gone—

*'Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi
Prima fugit ; subeunt morbi, tristisque senectus
Et Labor, et duri rapit inclementia victûs.'*

How I should laugh if I could only now see our revered and reverend tutor, little Circumflex, come hopping round the corner with the air of affected dignity, and assumed importance, with which he used to walk every day into hall."

Scarcely had Tracy made the observation, when the two young men were startled by hearing behind them the following sounds, issuing from the door of a bookseller's shop which they had just past : "Oratores Attici—very good—très bon, Mr.—Monsieur—What do you call yourself—cheap edition—Lycurgus, Andocides, Dinarchus—combien ? call again to-morrow—Isæus, Lysias, Demosthenes—very good indeed—very good—" and looking round, the two Oxonians recognized their ancient tutor at the entrance of the bibliopole's shop, whereupon Bazancourt wished his companion good bye for the present, and left him to amuse himself alone at the tutor's expense, as he was not anxious to have any nearer meeting with one to whom he had so just and so powerful motives of enmity, as towards Mr. Circumflex.

"Hah!" exclaimed the little dignitary, as his late pupil approached and saluted him, "you have graduated, have you not, Mr. Tracy? your bachelor's of arts degree, I mean?" and his conscience having been relieved by this precautionary question being answered in the affirmative, he no longer hesitated to accept the proffered arm of Robert Tracy, which he would have considered himself obliged to decline, had his pupil still remained an undergraduate.

The Rev. Mr. Circumflex was, in fact, sadly in want of an interpreter, for though he had officiated as Tracy's tutor in the classical languages of Greek and Latin, he was by no means a match for him in his knowledge of French, and only that very morning he had lamentably committed himself in his hôtel, in a dialogue with the femme-de-chambre; for wishing to call for some hot water, and having rung the bell, he found himself unable to proceed further in his sentence than "Mademoiselle, voulez-vous?" and "voulez-vous, Mademoiselle?" Whilst he was looking out the verb "to bring," and the adjective and substantive "hot water," in the dictionary, Mademoiselle, by no means prepossessed with his appearance, and not at all liking his equi-

vocal overtures of "voulez-vous, Mademoiselle," descended again the stair-case, and left him alone to the enjoyment of his jug of cold water and his pocket dictionnaire.

It was just the beginning of the University Long Vacation, when Mr. Circumflex had set out on his tour; and being asked if there were any news, instead of adverting to the proceedings of the courts martial and the Court of Cassation, which then occupied every mind at Paris, he began narrating the success or failure of his several pupils at the recent Christchurch collections. At last, Tracy, much amused with his "originalité," which struck him more forcibly at Paris than ever it had done before, determined to play him one good trick, at least, before he parted with him, and, accordingly, offered to procure him an introduction for that evening to a splendid ball, to be given in the house of an elderly French lady. Every body recollects the innocent simplicity with which the good Vicar of Wakefield admitted the town ladies into the bosom of his family; we advert to it less as an illustration of the somewhat parallel position in which Mr. Circumflex was placed, by the lamentable wickedness of Bob Tracy, than as a species of precedent, and, therefore,

justification of ourselves ; and with a view to shew those critics, who may be censorious, and accuse us of introducing improper topics into our book, that the errors of our grandfathers have been more leniently regarded. A brilliant salon, engaged for the purpose in the Champs Elysées, was lighted up in the evening, and a first rate band attended for the purpose of the guests weaving the merry dance. The ball was given as a speculation, by an old lady of great convenience in Paris, who had contrived to assemble there some of the prettiest faces, and finest figures, ever seen, and not a few of the first figurantes at the opera were distinguishable in the crowd. Tickets were disposed of at a napoleon a-piece ; but Tracy, afraid of awakening Circumflex's suspicions, and resolved to have his joke, however it might reduce his own extremely impoverished finances, had paid for his tutor's ticket, so that he was not at all aware that it was a public ball. The old lady was put up to the thing beforehand, and as Bob Tracy led his tutor into the room on his arm, and presented him to the Duchesse de Liaisons, the scene around him was so fascinating, and the manner with which he was accueilli so polite and agreeable, that it was im-

possible the least idea of anything improper should be started in his mind. In fact, these scenes are conducted generally with so much decency and propriety, with so much even of elegance and good-breeding, in Paris, as compared with our own country, that half its sting seems taken from the shame of vice, and the severest stoic might be almost won to forgiveness; so little apparent reason is there for censure or reproach.

Mr. Circumflex, who fancied himself all the while in the best society, and was quite elated at being the guest of a duchess, paraded like a peacock up and down the room; and, at last, it being hinted to him by Tracy that the ease of French manners did not make it necessary for him to wait for the ceremony of a formal introduction, he ventured to address one of the ladies in the best French which he could muster up for the occasion. The lady not understanding one word of his gibberish, but imagining that he had asked for her address, drew quietly a satin card with her printed name from her gold-embroidered reticule, and placed it in his hand. Finding presently another Englishman in the room, and being ashamed to expose his ignorance, by applying for information to Tracy, Circumflex shewed

the card, and inquiring the meaning, asked what compliment he ought to pay the lady in return for her civility.

"Oh!" said the Englishman, "I should think five napoleons would be ample."

Mr. Circumflex put his hat under his arm, and walked away as fast as he could. The following morning he quitted Paris, and Bob Tracy had the satisfaction of telling the story all over the capital.

Richard Bazancourt was not of a disposition to be much amused at this story: he had little or no humour in his composition; he had strong feelings, but little fun; and he could hate to excess, although nothing would have induced him to play a trick upon the object of his hatred. He lived, and moved, and had his being, not in the farce but in the tragedy of life. He was in earnest in whatever he did, and he meant whatever he said. The light and playful merriment of Tracy, perhaps in him carried rather to the excess of boisterous raillery at times, found no echo in the serious temperament of Bazancourt. Accordingly, when he and Tracy, together with Lord Fletcher and Louis Boivin, met by agreement at the supper table in Fletcher's lodgings, late on the same evening after the eventful ball, Bazan-

court scarcely smiled when he was told the success of Tracy's practical joke; and, adverting to other topics, continued the conversation in a different and more general strain.

Most of the persons present had some secret theme of sorrow, which their thoughts would have dwelt upon, had they been alone: Bazancourt had his lady of Stonesfield; Boivin, his faithless countess; Tracy, his pecuniary embarrassments; and Lord Fletcher, his ill reception in society, and his father, Lord Furstenroy's displeasure to reflect upon. As these subjects, however, could be interesting to none but themselves, each made an effort for the sake of prolonging the agreeable harmony of the evening; and the state of the drama, and the condition of the public theatres was adverted to, as a common topic which was equally open to the discussion and animadversions of them all.

"I love to see little Esther at the Ambigu," said Tracy; "there's not a prettier or livelier brunette in all Paris; and she, together with Mademoiselle Mayer, at the Vaudevilles, as a belle blonde, might be grouped well, like the lily and the tulip, side by side, in a gallery of painted beauties. Each affords a contrast to the other; for the blonde is

as soft and languishing as the brunette is piquante, and they afford an apt illustration of Byron's couplet, which, after all, perhaps, is a little forced in the idea :

" They both are fair : the difference in them
Is what we see between the flower and gem."

" Is it intended as a particular compliment to Lord Clanelly?" inquired Fletcher, " that they are now playing the character of Lord Dog, as I see by the papers, every night at the Palais Royal with immense applause?"

Our hero, on whom this mention of Clanelly's name cut deeper than it was intended, generalized his reply, by observing that he thought all the French imitations of English character complete failures, ill conceived, and worse executed. " The want of knowledge of England which exists in France," said he, " is I think generally greater even than our own ignorance of France in England. L'Hèrie is considered the best John Bull on the Parisian stage; but if he were to go to London, he would not be successful in that line of character; for although a most talented man, extremely witty as a writer, and extremely clever as an actor, his top boots and buckskins are the only points of resemblance that he bears to an Englishman."

"There is not a more talented or humorous actor on our stage," said young Boivin, "something in the style, as I have heard, of Dowton in London, than old Bernard Léon, at the Gymnase. If you saw him, in a piece called *Frogères et Loupin*, lately brought out, you would split your sides with laughing; but, nevertheless, he is considered somewhat gone by in his reputation, I know not why, for although old age is come upon him, it is a most green old age."

"I wish they would have over Signor Santini to London, at the Italian Opera," exclaimed Lord Fletcher; "he is considered the best *Leporello* upon any stage in Europe: he swallows the macaroni in *Don Giovanni* even better than *Lablache*; and, although he has a sort of annual summer engagement at Munich, I should think the superiority of English prices might well tempt him to go and shew his most laughable physiognomy, for once in a way, to the London audience. You can't walk down the Boulevards at Paris without seeing his picture stuck up at the print shops, and I'm sure you can't look even at his picture without laughing."

"I was amused this morning," said Richard

Bazancourt to Boivin, "in walking along the Boulevards, to observe the numerous representations of the Battle of Waterloo exhibited in all the windows. You Frenchmen are, perhaps, the only nation in the world who can bear to be gay at your own expense; but that again is, perhaps, because, in a military point of view, you can afford it better than the rest of us."

"Did you never see," said Boivin, "Le Pensionât de Montereau, a celebrated piece at the Ambigu Comique, in which the scene lies during the stay of the Cossacks in Paris, in 1814, which would be a delicate subject, one would think, to be treated of by the hands of a French play-wright. Not at all in Paris. Il faut se moquer de tout. Il faut s'amuser en tout cas. A number of boarding-school girls of sixteen, dressed up in soldiers' uniforms, go through the manual exercise, discharge their muskets, and ultimately make prisoners of all the soldiers; so that the laugh, in the end, turns not against the French, but the Russians."

"Something in the style of dear little Vestris' celebrated Invincibles," observed Bazancourt. "On the whole, I should say, that the French are certainly the most dramatic nation in the world: not that

they have produced so many good tragedies as many other countries, but because they know so well how to manage effect. Their plots are good; their positions are admirable; the getting up is always effective.* No contrast can be greater than between the French and Germans, in respect of theatricals. The Germans sit through the long speeches and endless soliloquies of the Piccolomini or Wallenstein, without a murmur; on the contrary, so deeply is their attention riveted, that you might hear a pin drop while Madame Schroëder, or even the pretty Madame Dahn are reciting their parts. In Paris I believe the Piccolomini would be hissed off the stage as a tedious nuisance, unless the speeches were half of them curtailed. Even the English are more practical and effective on the stage than the Germans, although it is a nice and difficult question to decide which is right. In Germany, Shakespeare is played as Shakespeare wrote

* Highly as we may appreciate the aptness and ability displayed by the French nation in the plots and developement of their light theatrical pieces and vaudevilles, we cannot applaud the determination of a learned and literary society in that country, which, in a late election of a new member into their own body, gave the palm to the talents of M. Scribe, over the genius of Victor Hugo.

it: in London, it is thought that he was improved by the scissors and paste of the Dramatic Committee. Myself I should prefer King Lear as I have seen it played at Berlin, and as we read it in the book, to all the imagined improvements which have been conferred upon it by what is called poetical justice; and yet it is tiresome, on the other side of the case, to hear Goëtz von Berlingen, after he has been properly killed, declaim for nearly twenty minutes a long last dying speech and confession, when the dramatic interest of the play is of course completely past and finished.—Your good health, Boivin!”—

But Bazancourt's oration had been so long, that the weak and exhausted Boivin had sunk fast asleep upon his chair.

CHAPTER V.

CHAINED to the wall of a dungeon in the dark and dismal prison of La Force, at once to prevent his escape, and to frustrate his desperate and repeated attempts at self-destruction, the bold and determined Sansargent had all this time been lying in anxious expectation of his final doom. Since his capture and imprisonment on the eventful night of the sixth, he had submitted to his fate with a surly and dogged resolution, without any audible remonstrance, or visible sign of pain; but he gnashed his teeth in silence, and brooded over his hard destiny in the solitude of the dreary night. We have already mentioned the fact of the insurrection having been completely put down on the morning of the sixth, and the King having greeted his subjects on the seventh with an ordinance, which exceeded in severity any of those

issued by the exiled Charles the tenth, proclaiming Paris in a state of siege, and instituting martial law. The printing offices were entered by agents of the police; the journals were stopped, and the presses sealed up; and, in the mean time, the courts-martial proceeded without delay to award such punishments as might be found just or expedient to the unfortunate prisoners, who were brought up in rapid succession for trial.

One or two of the accused had already been acquitted, on account of such a deficiency of evidence, that even military tribunals could not condemn them in the face of it; and one unlucky operative, who had been seen piling the stones of a barricade, had been sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment with hard labour, when Sansargent was brought into court, and placed for trial at the bar. Whatever course might have been pursued by others, he, at least, seemed resolved that no humble plea, no unworthy evasion, no paltry denial, no vain defence, should escape him. He maintained a sullen silence towards all the interrogatories of the court, and as witness after witness came forward to swear that they had seen him heading the charges on the soldiery, cutting

down the troops with his sabre, or discharging at them fire-arms, he only frowned an indignant menace, as a fit reply. The auditors in the court seemed to sympathize with the stern republican, and cheered him. The court was ordered to be cleared, but in vain—it was found that it would be dangerous to attempt it, and the trial was hastened to an end. After listening to a long detail of accusations, some true, some false, and all exaggerated, against the prisoner at the bar, the court, without further deliberation, pronounced at once the sentence of death upon him; and desiring the guards to conduct him back to his prison, and put him under strict surveillance till the time of his execution, adjourned the sitting, and went to talk over their day's sport at the dinner-table.

But the bread and water, which was to be that day the fare of Sansargent, relished as it was with the prospect of the guillotine at a distance, and the savage and rude treatment of the gaoler, brought no comfortable reflections to his mind. He did not flinch from death, because he was afraid to die. Few Frenchmen are afraid of death. The absence of that fear is quite charac-

teristic of the nation, and the coolness with which even a young girl in Paris lights a charcoal pan, in order to "asphyxia" herself, is unrivalled in any other country in the world. Sansargent, of all others, was not likely to be afraid of death: and yet, for a day or two after his condemnation, a ray of hope clung to him, and he seemed to expect that either another and a successful revolt would end in opening all the gaols, and delivering him, or that his sentence would be revised by the court, and reversed, or at least mitigated. He had confidence, also, in the exertions of his friends; he had reason to think Louis Boivin had escaped capture, and he was sure that he would do all in his power to procure his release; and, perhaps, he calculated not a little on the influence and good will of Lord Fletcher. But when day after day passed away without bringing any intimation of a change, when his hardy limbs began to grow stiff and cramped with the weight of his irons, and his spirits were worn out and dejected by the monotony and tedium of his solitary confinement, then, indeed, he found it necessary to summon up all his courage, to stand firm against his hard lot, and he envied the fate of Boucher, who had

fallen in the street, by a ball from the guns of the enemy.

One night, before the double irons were put upon him, Sansargent had nearly escaped from his cell. Having contrived to secrete the broken end of an old iron hoop, of about four inches' length, he had, by the help of a nail, and by long perseverance, worked its edges into teeth, like a saw: and with this, having placed his bedstead upright against the wall, he had mounted to the ceiling, and actually cut away a square in the strong timber panelling, big enough to admit the passage of his body. Owing to the indifferent nature of his tool, he was necessarily employed several nights in cutting his way through, and to conceal his operations, as the walls and ceiling of his cell were entirely whitewashed, he had pasted regularly a strip of white paper over the crease which he had made, and he had made the paste with a portion of the bread and water which constituted his daily fare. On the night that he had completed his labours, he had, by exerting immense agility and muscular strength, raised himself through the aperture which he had cut, and he found himself beneath the roof of

the prison. Having removed some tiles in a workmanlike manner, without causing any noise, he proceeded to advance along the roof on his hands and knees, like a cat, and carrying with him a sort of rope, which he had twisted out of the strips of his blankets, he continued to proceed along a dangerous and high party-wall of the prison. Taking half a dozen loose bricks from the top of the wall, and fastening them to one end of this rope, he managed to secure them under the coping of the wall, in such a manner as to descend near forty feet upon the other side, and to avoid any noise from the falling of the bricks, he secured the end of the rope to a tree which stood in the yard. Only one more outer wall, which would be comparatively easy to scale, remained, when he was arrested by the keeper, in the act of crossing the court-yard, not through any fault of his own, but by the unusual chance of the man's having risen at that strange hour for some other cause.

Brought back thus once more to his cell, to experience with tenfold aggravation the curse of confinement, which must be ever so doubly bitter to a soul enamoured like his of liberty, Sansargent

now gave himself up to death with greater resignation than before. He folded his arms, and sate down on the clay floor of his dungeon, and awaited the hour when he should be led forth to execution as the moment of deliverance. He looked upon the grave as his refuge, and upon the bloody axe as his friend. "Have I not seen," he would say to himself, "the villanous cold-blooded felon, the hired assassin, and the vilest reprobate, look with unshaken nerves, and a firm eye, on the machine of death? and shall I,—I that have entertained loftier notions, and far higher and nobler aspirations,—I that have dared to stand forth as the foe to tyrants, and the champion of a nation's rights,—shall I tremble? And yet it is a fearful thing to stand by and see one's comrades, one's brave, undaunted comrades, led forward one after the other—and there will, doubtless, be many of us to glut the despot's vengeance—one after another strapped down upon the fatal plank—to see the knife descend with horrid rapidity—and the quivering, gasping head roll upon the gory platform—to behold the careless executioner seize it with callous indifference by the mangled and disfigured hair, and depositing it in the well-filled basket,

draw up the cursed instrument once more to fall alike upon the neck of each successive victim. I have seen this—I have marked the red, wet streak of blood upon the steel, where it had plunged into the flesh of what was but two instants back a living man—and my blood has curdled and crept, and I have shuddered as I stood a mere spectator of the scene; and now, perhaps, to-morrow's dawn may announce the same termination to my own sufferings—and what I have pitied and trembled at for others, I shall hail as a succour and a mercy to myself. To-morrow, when the turnkey's hand shall grate upon the rusty lock, I shall welcome his words, if they announce to me that I am that day to die!"

Sansargent was not the only prisoner on this occasion who had been condemned by the courts-martial to atone for his revolutionary zeal with his life upon the scaffold. All of them had refused, like Sansargent, to recognize the legality of the tribunal appointed to try them, and all had appealed from its decision to the final judgment of the Court of Cassation, which is the supreme court of judicature in Paris; little hope, however, was entertained by any of them that this attempt would be successful. It

was not likely, under all existing circumstances, that pardon or acquittal should be obtained for convicted republicans, against all the intrigues and influence of court bribery and court patronage. Locked up, too, and secluded as the prisoners were, they were not aware of all the exertions made in their behalf by their friends without, nor of the pre-eminent power of public opinion in their favour. Already M. Mauguin and about thirty other of the chief ornaments of the bar, had delivered their deliberate opinions, that the ordinance being issued only by the executive power, and never having been authorized by the legislative, must be illegal ; and, moreover, even granting its legality, could not possibly have a retrospective action upon the prisoners which it was intended to punish. M. Dupin, who as procureur-general of the Court of Cassation, ought to have stood forward as the defender of the acts of government, feigned indisposition, and would not come forward in its behalf. Odillon Barrot, on the other hand, had undertaken the support of the prisoners' appeal, and all the power of his wonderful eloquence was exerted for them before the august tribunal.

First came on the causes of several newspaper editors, and the *Journal du Commerce*, the *Messenger*

des Chambres, and even the National itself, had been successively acquitted, so that hope did not seem entirely lost even for the active agents themselves of this most formidable insurrection. In the meantime Boivin, pale as the sheeted spectre, and already looking more like an inhabitant of the other world than this, ran about the city, straining every nerve in his friend's behalf, and using his utmost endeavours to give utterance to the public opinion, which alone has the power to control a government in a vital question like the present. Even he, however, despaired for the life of Sansargent, and the time had dragged on till the twenty-ninth of June, when the decision of the court being still unknown, he found himself so weak and exhausted, as to be obliged, in spite of himself, to take to his bed in earnest. Lord Fletcher was sitting by his side, and watching with intense anxiety the last moments of this interesting and enthusiastic young man. The flame was sinking gradually in the socket,—but from time to time, between his intervals of sleep, it rose up with a preternatural brightness, and flared with a strange and ominous lustre as its dissolution approached.

“Vain, foolish, feeble tyrants,” exclaimed the feverish and excited patient, sitting up in his pallet,

and rising almost into that eloquence, which when men die

“ Doth oft attain
To something of prophetic strain.”

“ Foolish and mistaken rulers, who imagine because they triumph for a little day, that their moments are not yet numbered ! Again and again the voice of the people, which is the voice of God, shall echo through the land, and the greater the number of victims which are left to rot and fester on the ground of Paris, the richer will be the soil for the ultimate production of that glorious harvest which shall wave with the ripened fruit of liberty ! Resistance, forsooth ! Yes ! again and again that truth shall be thundered through the earth, divine as when it came first of the lips of your eloquent but half-converted Burke, that the right of resistance is a doctrine which it behoves kings never to forget, and the people often to remember :—often !—it behoves them *ever* to remember it ! Instruction is gone abroad among all lands : knowledge wafts power on his pinions, which he is waving o’er the newly-wakened world. It is what one of our great writers has called the *plénitude du mérite du tiers état* :—it is this which renders it impossible for kings to play their cheating, swindling, tricking game

much longer. Oh ! that I could live a little while, —but a few, a very few years more, to behold my visions realized, and the reign of liberty, the golden age, revived upon the earth : that it were in my destiny to see the gathering tempest burst with desolation in its train upon the thrones of the mighty ones : that I might for a while sit in that whirlwind and direct that storm ! But this is not reserved for me : I am weak and faint ;—yet the people need no guidance ; they are awake and strong ; they have been taught ; and if they commit crimes in their awakening into freedom, it is because they have not been taught more. The giant of Israel for a time may be the laughing-stock of his coward tormentors, because they have put out his eyes ; but if once he grope about and bow himself upon the pillars of the temple, then woe unto the Philistines that made a mockery of him in his blindness, and compelled him to grind in their mill ! Where is now all the pomp and pride of the haughty chivalry of France ? Where is the boast of the Bourbons, and the loud note of defiance sung so lately by a dynasty of eight hundred years ? Gone, like the lighthouse on the deep, which its architect vainly imagined should endure for ever, and challenged, in his self-conceit, the winds and

waves to do their worst upon his mighty fabric. The night descended and the tempest came, and when the morning dawned upon the world, nothing was seen upon that spot but the white curling foam of the receding billows—nothing heard but the far-off shriek of the wild seamew. Oh! Turgot! oh! Condorcet! glorious instances of the energy of philosophical enthusiasm; mighty possessors of an intellectual heroism, unrivalled in its boldness, and boundless in its scope! as your humblest disciple I bow my head with submission to my fate, but the races that come after me shall see the fulfilment of your dazzling hopes! Yes, man is yet perfectible. Man, made in God's own image, shall be as God himself. Illimitable improvement shall advance with beautiful feet, bearing good tidings to all living things; vice shall cease, and suffering shall be no more; truth shall bud out of the earth, and righteousness look down from Heaven; the disproportions of civil communities shall have an end; noble and heroic friendship shall assert its heavenly reign; and then ——" but nature was faint within him, and he could no more. Just as he had uttered these words, however, the door of his apartment opened, and a shout of joy was heard

beneath his windows, in the street, and upon the staircase.

Attended by a few of his chosen republican friends, Sansargent entered, and approached the bed ; for, on the afternoon of the 29th instant, the decision of the Court of Cassation had been proclaimed to delighted Paris, and all the prisoners had been acquitted. Released from his chains by what he considered little less than a miracle, Sansargent had hastened from his prison to his friend, and rushing up to the side of his bed, flung himself into his arms. A smile lightened over the dying man's features, as he was made to comprehend the acquittal of his friend and the triumph of the republican cause. He pressed affectionately the hand of his late comrade, and retaining that of Lord Fletcher in his grasp, on the other side, as long as nature permitted, he gradually sunk back on his pillow, and slowly relaxed the pressure of his damp and bony fingers. His friends spoke not :—the shout of joy was succeeded by an awful silence, for death was among them. Once more the young enthusiast spoke :—“ I die in the faith of Manuel, Benjamin Constant, and liberty.” These were his latest words, and as he languidly

breathed those faltering accents out, he closed his eyes, as if in sleep ;—death looked amiable mirrored in his pale but happy face ; and the stern Sansargent, as he gazed on him, wept like an orphan child. On dressing the corpse the ivory miniature of the Comtesse de Hauteville was found on the dead man's bosom.

CHAPTER VI.

BUT it is time to return once more to the proper object of our narrative, the history and fortunes of our hero and, as we hope, our interesting heroine. We have said that Richard Bazancourt had visited Fontainebleau, and that on his return from that place he had waited but one day in his passage through Paris. Ever amiable and bent upon doing good to his fellow-creatures, he had considered himself fortunate on this occasion, and in some measure repaid for the trouble and tedium of his journey, by the number of opportunities which had presented themselves of benefitting those who required his assistance. His very first arrival in the French capital had been signalized by the deliverance of his brother from his arrest, a work which would certainly have been less easy to accomplish, had not his timely presence afforded the ready means of

effecting it. On his old acquaintance, Bob Tracy, he had also conferred such solid and useful assistance as might have at once relieved him from all the more pressing of his difficulties, if Bob had had sufficient resolution to tear himself away at once from the scene of his ruin.

But it was at Fontainebleau that his success had been most gratifying to his own feelings; for it affected the fate of her who alone outweighed every other thought or claim which found place in his bosom. At that place, he had sought and found an interview with the mysterious old lady, who had first of all been instrumental in rescuing Jeannette Isabelle from the custody of her barbarous husband. Still unacquainted with her real name or rank, for even at Fontainebleau she appeared to maintain a strict incognito, he had obtained access to her by means of an address which she had communicated to our heroine. Nothing could exceed the graciousness of her manner, or the readiness with which she acceded to Bazancourt's proposal that an immediate asylum should be prepared for Jeannette Isabelle, under her superintending eye, at Fontainebleau. There was something so amiable and so interesting in this quiet and unobtrusive person, who seemed

to live upon actions of benevolence and the practice of that Gospel which was ever in her mouth, that no one could help loving her.

Fontainebleau itself is a beautiful spot. The huge forest with which it is surrounded, gives a savage and picturesque effect to the scenery, interspersed as it is with enormous masses of rock which look like cliffs of the sea, and even Salvator Rosa might have studied here with advantage. The town itself is possessed of one property, which, although a less poetical, is not a less useful feature than the forest; it is built upon a stratum of stone so porous that the streets are constantly dry, and however severe the rain which may have fallen in the night, it is all completely absorbed within a few minutes after the ceasing of the storm, and you may walk throughout Fontainebleau the next morning and scarcely be aware that any water has fallen.

A small but well-built stone house, which was the habitation of the ancient lady herself, was offered to Bazancourt to be shared with her by Jeannette Isabelle; and Bazancourt himself, seeing for the time no more advisable arrangement, aware that he could not now as formerly continue to be the daily visitor of our heroine, and prepossessed

not a little by the goodness of heart displayed by the inhabitant of the house, accepted thankfully her offer, and, bidding adieu to Fontainebleau, hastened his return to England, in order to bring back with him the two objects which were as dear to him as a wife and child.

Few hearts are so susceptible of the passion of love—we should rather, perhaps, say retentive of it to the same excess—as that of Richard Bazancourt. By his affection for Isabelle his whole character had been changed. It had worked a revolution in his nature. He had passed, on a sudden, from the boy to the man ; from the light-hearted levity of the one to the serious solidity of the other. Whatever might be the future fate of his passion, his whole life and being was to receive its impress from it. The hue of his existence was to take its colouring of joy or sorrow from no other source. There was a melancholy even now observable in his manner ; for, however he might be happy in his love, in loving, and in being loved, he felt that his position, as well as hers, was false ; that so long as society is constituted as it is at present, a shade and a cloud must hang over those who dare to differ from its rules. Not a little, too, was he moved to sadness

by the mournful reality which had broken upon his knowledge in the course of the last conversation, which we have recorded, between him and Isabelle. The discovery that she did not believe or recognise the articles of the Christian faith, as it had at first startled him, so it had ever since weighed down his spirits with anguish. He could not bear to think that such could be the case. Infidelity—awful in all—seems peculiarly out of place in a young, and beautiful, and tender woman. The gentleness of the sex does not appear adapted to receive such hard doctrines. The enthusiastic temperament of our heroine, above all, seemed strangely ill-calculated to maintain so severe a lesson. The warmth and earnest eagerness of her character were markedly opposed to the cold and chilling doubts and denials of a sceptical philosophy. More than all this, Bazancourt himself entertained, from conviction, a firm belief in revelation, as it is explained to us by the most liberal and comprehensive of its interpreters. He had inquired, and debated, and deliberated,—and the result of all was a firmer and deeper faith than before. Then came the fearful conclusion to his mind, that if what he himself held to be true, was true, then the object of all his affec-

tions, she, without whom any sort of existence appeared devoid of happiness, must be eternally condemned to suffering, and punishment, and agony. He had striven in vain to lift her mind to participate with his own the hope of a future state of joy immortal, to be shared together in some happier world; and yet, if she could not believe this, the dreadful alternative flashed upon his mind that she must be miserable for ever and ever. He revolved in his own bosom, various means by which he might be able to awaken her to a sense of her danger, and to convert her to safer and more religious views. Throughout his journey home this image haunted his ideas; he reflected only on the possibility of bringing home his lost lamb into the fold.

It was night when he arrived at Stonesfield; and, unwilling to disturb her repose at such an hour, he deposited his luggage in the little inn, and sallying forth in the moonlight, continued pacing up and down before the door of her peaceful dwelling till the pink streaky light of morning was visible in the glowing east. He breathed prayers enough to weary the ear of heaven. He felt wild with the excitement of feeling which he experienced within him. So fond, so true, so ardent, he even advanced on

tiptoe to the threshold, and imprinted a warm and passionate kiss upon the door-post; for there within dwelt his own beloved—there was harboured the vessel in which his all was freighted—there was garnered the rich treasure of his heart—there was sleeping, in her pride of beauty, the fairest woman of God's creation, or of man's love. Shield her, good angels! guard her, gentle sylphs! bring her glad visions, ye attendant spirits! seal her eyes in slumber tranquilly, soft-gliding star-beams!

That night Richard Bazancourt slept not at all. It is needless for us to describe—it is impossible for us to describe faithfully—the meeting which ensued; love is too holy, too beautiful, too impalpable to be painted.

We have not recorded the history of our heroine during the absence of Bazancourt, because it was unvaried by events, and undiversified in its circumstances. She had passed her time in one sweet dream of desire, one longing anticipation of his return; and haply, while he was pacing anxiously that night beneath her windows, she was weaving visions in her sleep, of which he formed ever the leading character and the inspiring charm. Happy even yet in their fullness of affection, they had not,

up to this period, attained to that desart and dreary waste of the barren heart, which is consequent upon such excess of love! The time was not yet come, when tears were to wash out the crime they were committing, in having loved, "not wisely, but too well!"

It may seem strange to our readers, that we have described Bazancourt as a sincere and believing Christian, and yet that we should represent him as engaged in a connexion like the present, which must be reprobated by all good Christians, as it is provided against by the regulations of all Christian sects. It may be remarked, as still more objectionable, that we should portray this young man, who certainly was deeply imbued with the principles of piety, as nourishing in his heart the seeds of an almost demoniac revenge against Lord Clanelly. Gentle readers! ask yourselves once more—is there anything contrary to human nature in this? Should we not have been much more to blame in our capacity of artists, if we had endowed our hero with universal and incompatible virtues, made him at once energetic and meek, firm and submissive, tender yet constant, sensitive yet unbeguiled?—We do not justify what we undertake to describe: we humbly

attempt to draw a natural character, but we are by no means responsible for the defects which nature may have imparted to her handiworks. The greater the errors a man commits, the greater, surely, is the individual necessity that he must feel in his own mind of a Redeemer; and, although Christians are not more free to commit crimes than other men, the conviction that they cannot help being criminals, must confirm them considerably in their faith as Christians.

It was one of Bazancourt's own replies to Isabelle, when she had one day quoted the celebrated couplet of Pope:

" For modes of faith let jarring bigots fight!
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

" This is very true, my Isabelle, for those who can strictly say that their life *is* in the right; but where, in this boasted maxim, is the consolation for the sinner whose life is in the wrong?—and are we not all sinners?"

Bazancourt was a professing member of the Church of England, but he had too enlarged a mind to enter with animosity into any of the much agitated divisions between different sects of Christians.

That the little Florence had been christened a Catholic did not trouble his mind for a moment : to him a Catholic was as good as a Protestant, and an English Protestant no better than a German Calvinist. He was wont to quote that delightfully satirical exclamation of an old gentleman in Otway to his son :—" Here's an atheistical rogue ! thinks he has religion enough, if he can but call himself a Christian !" —But between revelation and no revelation, the question was awfully different in its aspect ; and since the fatal discovery of his Jeannette's views on this subject, he could scarcely look into her face without a mixture of some feeling of pain.

" Well, darling," said she, as arrayed in one of the prettiest morning caps in the world, she ran forward to announce to our hero that breakfast was awaiting him, " I am so glad you are returned ! I have been tormenting myself with the most dreadful apprehensions, and groundless, I trust, as dreadful, for us both since you left me. I have pictured to myself, with woman's characteristic timidity, the thousand and one accidents you must have met with, the hair-breadth 'scapes you must have experienced, the battles you have fought with wandering pala-

dins; and jealousy has, perhaps, whispered the damsels which you have delivered, as a true knight errant, from their ruthless arms. You see, dearest, I have never forgotten you: you have not once been out of my mind. *Fugge il tempo; ma la memoria resta.*"

"Isabelle, my own, my beloved Isabelle!" replied Bazancourt, taking affectionately her hand; "truly grateful am I to return, and find you here in safety. I, too, have suffered much during my absence on your account: I have fancied that I had done wrong, in leaving you exposed to the chance visits of your worst enemies; but I knew your courage, and I pictured to myself, if any invaders came, how you would repulse them, by discharging a brace of horse-pistols which I left here, from the window. Joking apart, I am seriously rejoiced that your husband has found no means of molesting you here. From what I heard yesterday in London, I have reason to think he has again left the kingdom, and is on his way to Italy. At any rate, as my residence is now to be for some time to come in France, I trust the knowledge of his being on the continent will not alter your resolution of going to Fontainebleau; for, I assure you, it is the very place of all

others, after this, which I would choose for your residence."

"Whither you go, my beloved," answered our heroine, "thither I will go also. If your path is to France, in France only can I hope to find repose; but trust not too much, I forewarn you, to my physical courage. Moral courage I may have, and I believe I do possess it to a higher degree than most other people; but physical courage is a totally different qualification, and one with which but few poor women are endowed. At the same time moral courage is of the higher order of the two. The celebrated Madame de la Roche-Jaquelin has attained her immortal renown entirely by her moral courage; for, although a number of anecdotes are related of her, which shew her to have possessed physical courage also to a great degree, she herself denies it; and she said to a friend of mine, '*Quelle différence de moi à Catan, cette paysanne Vendéenne, qui défendait sa maison, la hâche à la main, et qui immolait tous ceux, qui osaient franchir le seuil de sa porte!*'—Dearest, should my husband ever—mark my words—should he ever discover where I am, so great is my dread of him, that I should die or go mad that very instant. I trust this will never be;—but again I repeat it, I should die!"

Richard Bazancourt, who saw the energy with which she spoke, trembled at the certainty with which she pronounced the words; and changing the subject, he urged her to hasten her preparations for departure. In three days all was in readiness; and, without further accident, the party arrived at Dover, on their route to France.

CHAPTER VII.

THERE is in nature a being, which occupies the extremest verge between animate and inanimate existence, to which the name of "monas terminus" has been given, as an appropriate appellation for that which has neither motion, nor visible organization, nor perceptible senses. How often had Jeannette Isabelle envied the lot of this motionless, senseless creature! How often had she wished that she, too, had been born without any feelings to agitate, any reflections to distract her—without the jealousies, the angers, the bitter griefs, and even the tumultuous joys of human existence! Her delicate frame was so frail and so feeble, that strong emotion seemed to tear her to pieces: she appeared convulsed with feelings, which to others would have produced no such violent shock. She sighed only for repose. The attachment which she had formed for Bazancourt

had been to her like a pleasant dream : it had come upon her like an agreeable interlude in the drama of life ; she had embarked in it with all her heart and soul, and, so far as the return of affection which she experienced could go, she had not been disappointed ; but to her, there was ever a gnawing, rankling, unceasing cause of disquiet and apprehension in the background. She dreaded her husband even more than she loved Bazancourt : she had never forgotten that she had received blows from her husband's hand ; and that he had starved her, imprisoned her, and insulted her. The risk of falling into his hands seemed to her more dreadful than any other possible affliction ; and if she appeared absent and abstracted to Richard Bazancourt, on their journey from Stonestield, it was partly that she was regretting the vine-mantled cottage, with its fragrant jasmine, and its bowering roses, and still more, that she was shrinking from an encounter with her husband on the road, such as had already once caused her so much terror on her previous journey from Woodstock.

The day was bright, and the breeze was favourable on the morning, when, leaving Wright's Hôtel, at Dover, our heroine embarked on board the packet, for the purpose of returning to France with Richard

Bazancourt. The beams of the sun glanced on the ripple of the waves, and the scene was gay and exhilarating. The countenances of all the passengers were merry and happy, pleased at the prospect of so favourable a passage, and many of them, haply, starting for a tour of pleasure on the continent; but Jeannette Isabelle entered the boat with a presentiment of evil: she had first set foot in England with no happy auguries, and she quitted it with darker forebodings still. She looked timidly round her, as she stepped on to the deck, narrowly scrutinizing the face of each person near her, to ascertain if there were any one that she knew.

It is a dreadful position for a woman to be placed in, when even a journey or a voyage cannot be undertaken without a feeling of shame, and the fear of being seen. Yet Bazancourt's presence, and the relative position in which he stood to her, was so inexplicable, save in one way, so incapable of all construction but a guilty one, that she shrunk into herself with fear. It was now that the whole extent of the step she had taken, in connecting herself with our hero, became, for the first time fully evident to herself.

Whilst she had been confined to her solitary

cottage, in a retired village, where no eyes, save those of the respectful peasantry, encountered her, she had not been so deeply aware, as she now suddenly became, of the shame, if not sin, of her position. As to the sin, independently of her own peculiar and philosophical notions on this subject, the almost universal practice of her own country, in the adoption of *cavalieri serventi*, would have been sufficient to prevent her looking upon it intrinsically in the same light as it would be regarded in this country; but although she viewed the criminality of her position less severely, her acquaintance with the manners and customs of the English did not allow her to feel indifference towards its shame: as the wife of an Englishman, especially, she was virtually bound to an observance of English customs, habits, and even prejudices; and this it was that made her tremble, as she stepped down the ladder into the crowded packet-boat.

It was probably from this circumstance, of his being now, for the first time, connected with the feeling of shame in her mind, that our hero fancied ever afterwards that there was something of distance, some slight and scarcely perceptible shade of coldness, and of incipient estrangement traceable in the

manner of our heroine, on this occasion, towards him. It was, as we have said, scarcely perceptible; but lovers' eyes are awake to the slightest changes: nothing can escape them. This is surely conceivable. Up to to-day he had been associated in her mind only with pleasing ideas—with the thoughts of love and of protection; and it is very probable, that when the feeling of shame came upon her now, for the first time in her life, and she felt that it was owing to his presence, some sort of irritability might have become visible in her manner. The very nervousness produced by the unusual excitement of the voyage, might have caused this irritation; the sight of so many people, and the consequent embarrassment of her manner, might have increased the appearance even beyond the reality; and the sensitiveness of Bazancourt might have construed as serious what was in itself casual, momentary, and accidental; but true it is, that for the first time since they had known each other, something like asperity was traceable in the manner of Isabelle towards her lover. The conversation on that eventful night, when he had first discovered her religious creed, had startled him; and there had been tones in her voice, which had appeared, even then, to his ear harsh and un-

musical—such as man does not love to hear in woman;—but no—not till this moment had there been anything like asperity, personal asperity, towards himself—nothing like peevishness, or pettishness, or frowardness—and Bazancourt did not understand it.

It was but for a moment:—for Isabelle adored him still as a god; but yet—it *was* there for a moment!—and these moments are sent to us, to remind us that the best are not perfect; to teach us, that in all the sweets of life there is a bitter; that coiled round all its flowers there is a serpent; that

———“ medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipsis floribus augat.”

Little Florence was sitting on her nurse's lap, looking up with laughing eyes to the sailors, who were setting the sail of the vessel, and babbling the thousand pretty nonsenses which children lisp; Richard Bazancourt took her in his arms, and without making any remark on the manner which he had observed in his Isabelle, placed the infant in silence on its mother's knees. Jeannette Isabelle caressed her child, and the soft unutterable look which she cast on Bazancourt, seemed to say that

she had understood his meaning, that she confessed that something more than himself had been necessary to make her cheerful. She felt the tacit reproof: and the imploring look for forgiveness, the soul-speaking eloquence which she threw into her eyes, as she gazed up into Bazancourt's face, said volumes of reconciliation.

It is, in fact, a circumstance which redounds to Isabelle's praise, that she did feel this sensation of shame in entering a crowd of people in company with, and, as it were, under the protection of, our hero. How many gay, laughing women are there, even, in society, whose characters are worthless as their hearts are light, and who would have embarked on this voyage, if thrown into similar circumstances, with a boldness which could arise only from levity, and an outward callousness, betraying too evidently, insensibility within! The little Florence laughed again in her mother's lap, and our heroine, willing to start some topic which should be interesting to Bazancourt in common with herself, and to relieve the unpleasant impression which she saw was still left upon his mind, said, "Dearest, what is the boon which you would ask for our darling, if a fairy were to appear suddenly before us,

as they used to do of old, and offer to grant any wish which you might make for her? Myself, I would choose neither beauty, nor riches, nor rank, nor genius, nor power—but I would pray that my Florence might be endowed with what the Scotch call, if I mistake not, ‘sweet blood;’ that is to say, the habit of taking every thing for the best—the gentle, amiable nature, which looks upon all things with benevolence—the disposition which has no rancour, the kind-heartedness which knows no evil.”

“This would be a good wish,” replied Bazancourt, “if we were all to be endowed with it alike, or if little Florence’s life were to be passed in the Millennium; but in this world I would not ask it; for it is but a little while that such a temper can endure. Such persons, my Isabelle, come into life with the kindest intentions, and the most glowing feelings of philanthropy; and in a short time the bitter experience that they reap turns all the sweet blood sour: the milk is acidulated; the honey turns to gall; till in a few short years, the very individuals who loved their fellow-men better than the rest, learn to curl the lip in disappointment, and to sneer in despair—and they are misnamed misanthropes, because they do not find the

same kind feeling in others ready to respond to their own."

"There is good sense in your remark," answered Isabelle, "and yet what endowment would you rather choose to pray for? The curse of what are ordinarily called blessings I have felt fatally myself. I was nobly born; I had wealth; men have praised my talent, and *you* have told me I had beauty: yet happiness was never yet mine; and you are the only person who have taught me that my nature is susceptible of it. With thee I might have been happy, dearest; but—we will not envisage any thing so dreary as the future."

Bazancourt replied with an earnestness which showed that he spoke from an inward conviction of what he said, "I would wish, my Isabelle, that a child of mine might be endowed with a love of truth, as the best boon to man! Amid this world of dissimulation and hypocrisy, in the midst of this scene in which an inspired writer said in his heart, that 'all men are liars,' one single drop of sincerity or honesty outweighs, in my estimation, every other endowment. Give me the man, who, with the ancient poet,

' Will hate the villain as the gates of hell,
Who thinks one thing, and can another tell,'

and I will offer him my hand, my heart, my fortune, and my friendship, and go through fire and death itself to serve him."

"I fear," said Isabelle, looking archly in Bazancourt's face, as was her wont, whenever she played the sophist to amuse herself, "I fear your favourite Homer would be very unfashionable, if he came now-a-days to live amongst us in the world, with such sentiments as those; and above all, it would be very unmannerly in him to force such doctrines on us poor women, who hold the privilege of telling untruths to be one of the great articles of our sex's charter. Coleridge, you know, asserts somewhere that all women are naturally liars."

"He is right," replied Bazancourt again, taking up the light tone which our heroine had succeeded in imparting to the somewhat serious conversation; "at Paris I saw, the other day, a piece which they are playing at the Vaudevilles, entitled, '*L'Habit ne fait pas le moine*,' in which about a dozen young nuns come in one after the other to their father confessor:—'*J'ai menti*,' says the first—'*J'ai menti*,' says the second—'*J'ai menti*,' says the third—till at last there is not one left who does not confess that she has told untruths."

"Oh! at Paris it is allowable," replied our

heroine, "to tell as many stories as you please. Lies float there in the atmosphere. You inhale them, and breathe them forth again, as habitually as a diplomate. The street is paved with them. The houses are built of them. Little children eat them in their cradles, and grown-up people digest them at the table d'hôtes."

"A friend of mine," said Bazancourt, "got into such a habit of lying, when he was a boy, that at last he never was known to speak the truth at all. He was a midshipman in the navy, and on one occasion was the only person saved out of a crew of sixty persons in the wreck of a vessel in which he sailed. He wrote home immediately to his mother, to inform her of his safety; but his mother, who was an Irishwoman, and sometimes committed a bull by mistake, went round to all her acquaintance with her son's letter in his own hand-writing, exclaiming, 'Oh! my poor Charley! he must be drowned, for he writes to say that he is come safe to shore, and he never spoke a word of truth in his life yet.'"

"But some lies may be told without a breach of the truth," said Isabelle, who loved to quibble, when she was talking with Bazancourt. "I fully

agree with you, that loyalty and sincerity are the most valuable endowments of the human character; but there are many cases, as, for instance, in saying that you are not at home, when you prefer an entertaining book to a stupid morning-caller; where, although the words strictly express what is contrary to fact, the conventional meaning of them is generally received in the sense which they are intended to convey."

"This," replied our hero, "is worthy of the age when divines and logicians amused themselves with such questions as the following:—'If I say I lie, do I lie, or speak the truth? If I speak the truth I lie, and if I lie I speak the truth.' The fact is, that the intention to deceive in order to promote some evil end, constitutes the real criminality of lying. Certain it is, that the truth is not to be spoken at all times; and it is a curious speculation, how far lying, from amiable motives, may be justifiable. Again, embellishing a good story in conversation cannot be accounted criminal, or else Walter Scott, who only did the same thing by history in books, would be the greatest liar of the age, instead of the most entertaining novelist. In general, the greatest cowards are the worst liars.

I never told a lie yet, because I never yet felt fear. The devil, who is the father of lies, must be the father of cowardice also; and directly a son of mine told me a lie, I should know that he was a coward. I never told a lie yet to any one."

"What! never to a woman?" asked Isabelle. Our hero smiled; and, looking up, he perceived the harbour of Calais straight ahead of them. The passage had been quick and easy, and merriment was again visible on all faces. The cordage rattled, the steam was let off, the vessel was hauled to, and Jeannette Isabelle soon found herself once more a demizen of France, and on her road, by the side of Richard Bazancourt, to Fontainebleau.

CHAPTER VIII.

As it is impossible that our heroine should be deposited in better hands than those in which she soon found herself at Fontainebleau, we will just leave her there for the present, in order to revert for a short time to her unprincipled and unamiable husband, who still accompanied by his faithful Griffin and Tartar, continued indefatigably the search after his wife, which had hitherto been prosecuted so unsuccessfully. We are far from citing this individual's affection for his dogs as a reprehensible point in his character; on the contrary, it was a redeeming feature, and almost the only one in a mind stamped with too many vices, and corrupted by too much indulgence. There is something peculiarly English, if we may so say, in the taste.

In reading, the other day, the book of Rush, the American, we remember being struck by the account

he gives of his first call on Lord Castlereagh. In the apartment into which he was shown to await the minister's presence, he found two grim-looking bulldogs, couched comfortably on the rug before the fire; and though Canning's reception, which he afterwards describes, and his complimentary allusion to the rhododendron, as a native of America, is more characteristic of the man, it cannot be denied that the scene at the Tory secretary's fireside was more characteristic of the nation.

We do not mean in hazarding the above remarks, to be mistaken for the patrons of the combat des animaux, nor would we appear, because we are fond of bull-dogs, to stand up like Wyndham as the advocate either of fighting dogs or fighting men.

There is much truth in the satire of Ségur, where he says "*pour éviter l'ennui, les Anglais font battre des coqs à mort, et paient très cher les boxeurs, qui se tuent;*" and there is still more point in his irony when he says that the English, notwithstanding, are the people who of all others cry out loudest against the cruelty of a Spanish bull-fight, or the barbarous display of a Roman amphitheatre of gladiators. In England there must be cant in every thing; even a dog-fight could not go on without it; but then there

is a kindness in our very cruelty, and a luxury even in our tortures. No dog is petted so tenderly or fed so well as the one which is to be tossed to-morrow on the horns of a bull; no cock is so highly pampered or so proudly arrayed with polished spurs, as the one which is to be lacerated and probably killed in the cock-pit; no bull is so bedecked with ribbands, and ornamented with garlands, as that which is to be chained to a ring, and galled and gored till he bellows with agony. We seem to have taken a hint out of Isaak Walton's book, who, in giving instructions to his pupils how to put a worm upon the hook, tells them "to take him tenderly, as though they loved him."

Lord Clanally had, as we have said, a great many bad points in his character: we shall not surely be thought too lenient to him in bearing the faint testimony to his praise that he had loved his dogs. It was one of our old friend, Fanny Bazancourt's last good sayings, when some one had ventured to pity Lord Clanally on account of his solitary wandering life, and his unpopularity in society, and had remarked in the phrase of the poet, that "his soul was like a star, and dwelt apart," that she was sure it could be no other than the dog-star.

Setting Lady Fanny's witticism on one side, we cannot contemplate any one, shewing humanity and affection to the brute creation, and pouring out upon a dumb animal that fund of tender feelings which might haply have been better bestowed elsewhere, had not the heart been soured, and the kindness embittered by some secret reason which we know not of; —we cannot, I say, contemplate such a person, without feeling for him both a degree of curiosity and of respect: of curiosity to know why the human race has been abandoned in his friendships for the society of less ungrateful objects of his benevolence; to know what plighted vows had been broken; what lavished devotion had been unappreciated or unreturned; what unhappy passion had arrested and thus turned aside from its proper channel the gushing floods of his young heart's tenderness; and of respect, because there is still so much of goodness left,—still so much of amiable feeling spared even in the shattered ruin of a broken heart, that some vent is still necessary to give scope to its operation, and to allow room for the ebullitions of natural humanity. Our thoughts revert to the venerable Jeremy Bentham and his pussies, and the superfluous attention which he shewed to the kittens, in having a small hole cut

for them to run through, in all the doors of his house, besides a large one for the cats ; and we cannot help loving the wilful doting of the good old man. In all other respects except this affectionate treatment of Tartar and Griffin, Lord Clanelly's character had deteriorated instead of improving, since we last had occasion to advert to him. He had grown more selfish, more careless of the happiness of others, more studiously attentive to the promotion of his own. Happiness, however, was not likely to flourish in such a soil, and every day that he continued to live, instead of growing happier, he became only more miserable and discontented. This must ever be the case with a man so utterly unprincipled, in every sense of the word, as Lord Clanelly. He had so bad an opinion of all mankind, both of women and men, that it was impossible to entertain a worse ; and it may be laid down as a rule, that no man has a bad opinion of his fellows who is not a bad man himself. Lord Clanelly's principles were of such a nature, that he never hesitated at the commission of any villany, or breach of trust, or even honour, which he thought might be risked without an open exposure. If he were left alone in a room where there were private writings and confidential papers, Lord Clanelly would never have

forgiven himself, if he had omitted to read them. A letter which he had been asked to deliver in Paris, and which had been committed to him unsealed in London, he read through from beginning to end before his carriage had got further than Dartford. Lord Arthur Mullingham used to tell a story of his having met him at a party in town, in which a game of *écarté*, for very high stakes, was being waged between two very noted players. Lord Arthur could not help perceiving that a particular friend of one of the players had stationed himself behind the chair of his adversary, and was telegraphing with his fingers to his confederate the cards which were in his opponent's hand. This behaviour appeared so gross to Mullingham, that he thought it no less than his duty to give intimation to those who had bet upon the other side of what was going on. This coming to the knowledge of Lord Clanelly, he approached Mullingham, and said—

“Why, what a slow fellow you were, Mullingham, to mention the circumstance, when you found out that this person had a telegraphic assistance in the game!”

“A slow fellow!” retorted Mullingham; “why, what would you have done?”

"Bet upon him," said Clanelly; and, had he been in Mullingham's place, he would doubtless have been as good as his word, to the amount of a few thousanda.

We have alluded elsewhere to a connexion which Lord Clanelly had maintained, even during the period of his marriage, with another woman. This lady having one day received a fifty pounds bank bill, inclosed in a letter containing the most insulting proposals, she instantly returned both the letter and the money, under another envelope, to the writer, with every expression of indignation, and reported the circumstance, some time afterwards, to Clanelly himself.

"Good gracious! how foolish of you!" exclaimed Clanelly, from whom she had expected, on the contrary, high terms of encomium upon her conduct.

"Why, what ought I to have done, my dear Clanelly?" said the disappointed danseuse.

"You were perfectly right in returning him his letter," said the earl; "but you might as well have bought yourself some diamonds with the fifty pounds!"

All these anecdotes, however, and we might enumerate many of them, do not make it a bit more

impossible that Lord Clanelly should have been fond of his dogs. The sanguinary Couthon, the confederate of Robespierre, at the time when he was cutting off the heads of his fellow men by hundreds, used to shed tears of affection over his favourite spaniel; and even on the day when the National Convention pronounced their final doom upon himself, Robespierre, St. Just, and Le Bas, he rose to speak in his own defence, still hugging the pet animal, which he always carried in his bosom, to vent upon it his overflowing sensibility.

With respect to Lord Furstenroy's family, the feelings which Lord Clanelly entertained towards them were by no means moderated or equivocal in their nature. He was aware that he had been spoken of by all the members of that family in depreciatory and disparaging terms; and the consciousness that he had deserved it, did not at all more reconcile him to the fact. The difficulty he felt in mixing in general society, for fear he should be thrown unexpectedly into the presence of old Lord Furstenroy himself, or of the Countess de Carbonelle, his daughter, to whom he had so basely broken his plighted engagement, annoyed and provoked him: he attributed, in part, the actual estrangement of his own wife, to

her having discovered his previous ill conduct towards Lady Emily Bazancourt; and he knew not how this knowledge could ever have reached her, except through the unguarded manner in which the subject had been pretty generally talked about by the family itself in mixed society, and in places of public resort. Hence Lord Clanelly nourished in his mind a hatred of all the Furstenroy party, scarcely less deadly or less implacable than that entertained by Richard Bazancourt towards himself. It was, however, remarkable, that excepting the single rencontre at Landraven House, from which he had instantly retreated, he had never yet met face to face any one member of that family since the breaking off of the marriage engagement. He was naturally not particularly anxious to accelerate such meeting.

It was one evening, within a very short period after young Boivin's death, that Lord Fletcher, who had been to arrange that young man's papers, and look over some of the manuscripts which he had left in his lodging in the Rue St. Denis, was returning home along the Boulevards, still musing on some of the transcendental schemes of government, and plans for Utopian republics, which he had been perusing. His

brother, Richard Bazancourt, had passed through Paris only the preceding evening en route to Fontainebleau ; but, as he had not stayed in Paris longer than for the purpose of changing horses, and was not anxious to display the hoarded treasure of his Isabelle's beauty, even to his brother's eyes, Lord Fletcher was ignorant even of the fact of his having passed through, and imagined him to be still in England whither he knew that he had but lately returned.

It was past nine in the evening, and beginning to be dusk, when in proceeding along this distant part of the Boulevards, Lord Fletcher's ear was startled by the shrieks of an old woman near him ; and at the same time distinguished clearly the growling of a dog, and the well-known syllables of " *Sacrés chiens d'Anglais* "—which appeared now to be more literally applied than usual by the easily recognizable voice of poor old Madame Boivin.

Fletcher, who happened to carry in his hand a huge knobbed stick, and who was indignant at any violence being offered, even accidentally, to the mother of his late friend, ran quickly to the spot, and beneath a lamp, he discovered the unfortunate old lady, still struggling with the thick-headed and ferocious animal, which had sprung upon her as she

was walking quietly along, and still hung to her thigh, glaring round him with his savage eyes so fiercely that no one dared approach, and snarling threats of vengeance on whoever should venture to touch his brindled sides. His large, broad forehead, and the lankness of his greyhound tail, betrayed at once that it was an English bull-dog. Lord Fletcher raised his walking-stick, which happened to be charged with lead at the knob end; and wielding it with all his force round his head, struck the animal upon the left side, just in the region of the heart: several of his ribs broke, and the vessels of the heart probably burst beneath the blow; as he instantly relaxed his hold, and staggering back, fell dead upon the pavement. An English groom coming up, threatened Fletcher audibly with the vengeance of his master; but Fletcher paying no attention, and occupied with the old lady, hurried her, still screaming and swearing, into a fiacre, and left poor Griffin dead upon the pavement.

CHAPTER IX.

THE following morning, about eleven o'clock, Lord Fletcher was sitting in his own apartments;—the breakfast was still upon the table. He was attired in deep mourning, which he had assumed ever since the death of poor Louis Boivin, out of the deep respect which he felt for his unhappy memory. His thoughts were wandering occasionally to the strange event of last night, from the occupation with which he was apparently engaged at the table. Spread before him, on his desk, were one or two essays on musical subjects, which he had some idea of preparing for the press. There was a dissertation on Rousseau's plan for a new notation and general reform of music; there was another treatise, in which he undertook to prove that all the great composers had taken their finest subjects from common popular melodies. He had proved that Bishop's "Come, love, to me," was iden-

tical with a slow movement in one of Spohr's quartetts; that Haydn had borrowed "The heavens are telling," from "Sweet lass of Richmond Hill," and Moore's "Watchman," was an adagio version of "All round my hat." His violin and bow were lying on the table with the breakfast things, and the knobbed stick of the yesternight was deposited against one corner of the fireplace. A knock at the door was heard, and Mr. Earthstopper Brush Fivebars entered.

"Well, Fivebars, my dear fellow," exclaimed Fletcher, "if you are come for a cigar, I really don't think I have one left in the house, but I will send for some immediately."

Fivebars, however, looked serious, and appeared to hesitate as to the manner in which he should introduce the subject of his visit.

"I am not come," he replied, "Lord Fletcher, this morning, I am sorry to say, with any such agreeable object. I fear the message I have been requested to deliver to you, will cause you some trouble and some little uneasiness, but I have no doubt that the whole business can be arranged amicably. You are aware of the circumstances to which I allude?"

Lord Fletcher professed his entire ignorance of the object of this strange beginning.

"Well, then," continued Fivebars, "you remember, I suppose, your having struck and killed Lord Clanelly's favourite dog, Griffin, last night?"

"Lord Clanelly's dog!" exclaimed Fletcher in surprise—"I had no idea that it was Lord Clanelly's dog; but whether it were his or any other man's, I could not have done otherwise, and if the same circumstances were to recur to-night, I should feel myself obliged to do exactly the same thing."

"This is unpromising," replied Fivebars, "but nevertheless I trust that you will reconsider the subject. It is surely not worth while to make a serious quarrel about a dog."

"I should have thought not," answered Lord Fletcher, "but will you point out to me how it is to be avoided? I have certainly no reasons for wishing to avoid a quarrel with Lord Clanelly—rather the contrary; and if he be bent upon quarrelling, I am sure I don't see how it is possible for me to help it."

"Simply by allowing me to make any sort of apology to Lord Clanelly, in your name. I don't require any writing; merely commission me to deliver any expression of regret, which you like to adopt:—allow me to say for you that you are sorry that such an accident should have occurred. It is nothing more

than what might be expected on such an occasion, and besides will relieve me, my dear Lord Fletcher, from the very awkward position in which I am placed in being charged with a hostile message to one for whom I entertain so deep a regard as for yourself."

"With respect to your last observation, Mr. Fivebars," answered Fletcher, "I should imagine it had been perfectly competent for you to have declined any interference in the matter at all; but, as you have chosen to become a party in the business, I must beg to know Lord Clanelly's ultimatum, as there are other reasons, independently of those connected immediately with the present dispute, which would render it particularly impossible for me to make any sort of apology or concession to Lord Clanelly."

"My dear Lord Fletcher," replied Fivebars, "indeed you take this matter far too seriously. The circumstances are known to no one. Lord Clanelly merely feels sensitive with regard to the affair of the dog, as he imagines it might have been done wilfully on your part; that you struck the dog knowing it to be his, and that you thereby intended a deliberate and personal insult to him. If this was not the case you will be merely giving a declaration, which is necessary to satisfy his nice sense of honour, without

in the least degree making any sacrifice or compromise of your own, by authorizing me to express to Lord Clanelly your regret that any such circumstances should have arisen."

Lord Fletcher, whose great fault was weakness, and who had never been distinguished by a remarkable degree of moral courage, was beginning slightly to waver in his resolution.

"Do you really think, my dear sir," said he, addressing Fivebars as a private friend and counselor, which was of course an error, considering the position in which Fivebars was then acting towards him—"do you really think, that without in any way compromising myself, or appearing to yield anything to Lord Clanelly, I might venture to follow your advice, and make some such sort of implied apology to him; for I really was not aware at the time that the dog was his property, and your mentioning this circumstance has put the matter quite in a different light."

Just as these words were spoken, and as Fivebars with all the humble diplomatic dexterity which his clumsy efforts could command, was about to complete his triumph by closing upon this proposal, the door of Lord Fletcher's room was flung open, and George

Grainger, accompanied by the Kilkenny cat, Fitz-Waterton himself, entered the room.

"Good morning to you both," he exclaimed. "I've brought you an old Irish acquaintance, just arrived in Paris, in the true spirit of Milesian independence, without a sixpence to bless himself with, and over head and ears in love into the bargain."

"Upon my honour and credit, but you're looking very serious about something this morning, gentlemen," exclaimed Fitz-Waterton, as soon as the first greetings were over, "What's the matter now? You both look as if you were walking to your own funerals, your faces are so long, and your answers so short, this fine day."

After a little hesitation on both sides, it seemed mutually agreed between Fivebars and Lord Fletcher, that the circumstances of this affair should be laid before Grainger, as a common friend of the two: and Fivebars hoped that his friendship for Fletcher would have induced Grainger to help him out of the scrape. George Grainger, however, who was better acquainted than Fivebars with all the previous causes of hostility between Lord Fletcher's family, and that of Lord Clanelly, and who, from his intimacy with the Comtesse de Carbonelle, had

imbibed from her, in a great measure, that desire of revenge upon Clanelly, which was ever the thought uppermost in her mind, and not unfrequently even made the subject of her private discourse with him, took immediately the very opposite view of the subject:—"Mr. Fivebars," said he, without a moment's hesitation, "I am sorry that you should have committed yourself personally so far in this business, because it is impossible that it should end otherwise than in the most hostile manner. You have only to communicate with me at any hour you wish to name, and if Lord Fletcher will allow me, I shall be most happy to officiate as his second in this unfortunate affair, and will arrange time, place, and the other preliminaries, as soon as is convenient to yourself."

Fivebars still hung back, and was going to temporize again; but it was peculiarly unfortunate for him that there was an Irishman in the room—"Impossible! not a word of it!" exclaimed Fitz-Waterton, "not a word of explanation! out of the question altogether, I assure you—quite impossible, and unheard of! At five o'clock to-morrow morning to the Bois de Boulogne! On my honour and credit, a pretty sort of thing it would be to make an apology indeed!"

Lord Fletcher, seeing all chance of accommodation at an end, placed himself entirely in the hands of his friend, George Grainger. Grainger, who had, in fact, been followed by Fitz-Waterton in the street quite against his good will, and who wanted much to get rid of him, now made the business of the approaching duel an excuse to dis-embarrass himself of his presence.

At three o'clock Fivebars called on Grainger to arrange all the necessary preliminary points. It was settled that the two carriages should wait for each other the following morning, at the *barrière de l'Etoile*, at five o'clock, and that the parties should then proceed together to a spot to be afterwards chosen, somewhere to the left hand side of the high road to St. Germain's.

A few minutes before the appointed hour, the carriage of Lord Fletcher, containing himself, George Grainger, and a surgeon, arrived at the *Barrière*, and drawing up on the road side a little beyond the archway, in order to avoid the inquisitive glances and surmises of the sentinels, awaited the arrival of Lord Clanelly and his party. Many moments had not passed, when the second equipage arrived, and George Grainger, having alighted

for a moment to communicate with Mr. Fivebars, all parties proceeded in silence to the place of Grainger's selecting; the carriage of Lord Fletcher continued to take the lead, and that of Lord Clanelly followed at a short interval behind it.

Lord Fletcher was pale, and spoke but little; but further than this he gave no sign of apprehension or nervousness: however weak his character might be, when he had to decide a point for himself, no sooner was a decision made, than he showed himself as capable of going through the thing with spirit as another man. As to Lord Clanelly, to him it was a matter of indifference whether he fought a duel or not, and he himself, Fivebars, and their medical attendant, kept on laughing and joking between the puffs of their cigars, the whole way down the road.

The morning was rather chilly, notwithstanding the time of year, and they were enveloped in their great coats and mackintoshes. It was a gray streaky sky, and one of those sort of days which depress unusually the spirits of nervous men. This, perhaps, was felt by Lord Fletcher more than by any other of the party, but he descended from the carriage with a firm step, and walked some distance

along a side road arm in arm with George Grainger, till they came to a vineyard, part of which had been lately ploughed up, leaving an open space of sufficient length and breadth for their purpose. Fletcher was now left to walk a few minutes by himself, while the two seconds advanced together, each with a separate case of pistols under his arm. Having tossed up for the choice, and the lot having fallen on Lord Clanelly's arms, it was agreed that twelve paces should be the distance—that Grainger should give the word in the first instance, and Fivebars, if a second shot should be found necessary.

They now proceeded to load the weapons, and it was discovered that Fivebars had omitted to bring with him any greased bits of linen to wrap round the bullets, a thing which gives much surer direction to the shot, by causing it to fit tighter in the barrel. The consequence of this was, that the bullets were, if not absolutely loose, certainly not so well fitted as they ought to be; but Grainger, who had considerable influence over Fivebars, who was also anxious to save, if possible, the life of his principal, and who knew Lord Clanelly's expertness in firing, and had remarked the paleness and silence of Fletcher, persuaded him to let the first

shot be fired in this way, well knowing that the consequence would be that the balls would sink, instead of going in a direct line.

The parties were now placed opposite each other. Lord Clanelly placed himself sideways to his opponent, so as to present the narrowest possible superficies of his body. His coat was close buttoned, and he kept his left arm close round his breast, pressing his left hand upon his right side close under the shoulder joint. Lord Fletcher, on the other hand, seemed reckless of such minor, and yet important points. His coat flapped open, thus helping to guide the eye of his adversary, by enlarging the object he aimed at; and he did not take the precaution of placing his hand and arm, as some sort of defence against the bullet, over the most vital parts. There was a moment's pause—"One—two—three—fire!" exclaimed Grainger, and both parties, having discharged their pistols, were perceived standing unharmed amidst the smoke—but the ball of Lord Clanelly had ploughed up the ground close by the feet of Fletcher. "We'll give them one more chance, and then they must be satisfied," said Grainger to Fivebars, as they drew aside to load the pistols a second time.

This time, however, the pistols were properly loaded, recourse having been had to Grainger's well-furnished case. He trembled for Fletcher, as he saw the coolness with which Clanelly took his aim. He had already seen that it was no fault of the marksman that he had missed last shot—"One—two—three—fire!" said Fivebars, and Lord Fletcher lay dead, with a bullet in his heart.

"Allons!" said Clanelly to Fivebars, "I'm damned hungry:—let's go to breakfast!"

CHAPTER X.

Thus fell in the flower of his age, by the hand of an unprincipled but successful ruffian, the amiable but too weak-minded Lord Fletcher. It was remarkable, that on the second fire he had not discharged his pistol; and, in consequence of this, a report was put in circulation by some of the enemies of Lord Clanelly, that he had fired before his time, and not a little prejudice was added to the already strong existing feeling against him on this account. He had also the bad taste to speak of his late antagonist, after his death, in terms so disparagingly, as well as so coarse, as to shock every feeling of decency, and good care was taken that these expressions should be repeated to the Bazancourt family. He was, however, one of those persons who had little to lose in the estimation of the public, neither himself nor his ill-fated opponent having

ever enjoyed to a great extent that capricious good called popularity.

Lord Fletcher's death had been instantaneous. It made just sufficient sensation in Paris to prevent one or two old ladies from pulling caps for want of something to talk about, and two or three coffee-house loungers from perishing of ennui. All the faults and follies that he had ever committed were, as usual, raked up from the memories of all the world, and recorded against him. A great many that he had never committed were added to the number, and Fitz-Waterton, with true Hibernian naïveté, remarked that "a man never knows how many friends he has till he is dead." 'Tis then that all the Cascas of society come forth, who love to stab their victims in the back. 'Tis then that long-cherished malice and secretly-indulged envy crawl out of their dark lairs, and hyæna-like maul, with foul mouths, the lately-buried tenant of the tomb. They drag him into light—they snarl, and growl, and howl over him—they tear him limb from limb—and then, glutted with their horrid meal, creep back again, grimly laughing, to their holes.

There were, however, two persons in the world who really regretted the loss of Lord Fletcher, but

from very different reasons, and with a grief expressed in very different ways.

One was the Comtesse de Hauteville—his beloved Olympe—who had very obvious and financial reasons for regretting his death. Although, since the dénouement described at the end of our second volume, Lord Fletcher had seen but little of her, and had not even visited her once, since young Boivin's fatal illness, which he considered as having been in great measure brought to such termination by the shock he had experienced in the Place du Louvre, the gallante lady continued to receive occasional presents from Fletcher; and on hearing of his death, notwithstanding her delicate situation, could not help ordering a carriage, and sallying forth to talk it over with an intimate acquaintance at the other end of the town.

We are assured by La Harpe, that on the evening when Madame de Deffand's first lover died, with whom she had lived on terms of intimacy for above twenty years, that lady came to a large party at Madame de Marchais', who naturally inquired after the invalid gentleman. Madame de Deffand replied, "*Hélas ! il est mort ce soir à six heures ; sans cela vous ne me verriez pas ici !*"

Such is the levity, in some instances, of French-women's love ; and yet the Comtesse de Hauteville undeniably did feel for Lord Fletcher a considerable degree of partiality. There were points in his character that women generally love. The day of his funeral the countess new trimmed her best morning-cap with black satin ribband, and sitting down at her piano, played, in memory of him,—

“ Sing, sing, music was given
To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving.”

The other person, who was far more deeply affected by Lord Fletcher's death, was his sister, Lady Fanny Bazancourt. She alone of all his family had always retained for him a deep regard, a warm affection, and an indulgent partiality. She had recognised in him talents which had escaped other people. She had made allowances for his foibles, which had not been conceded to him by those who loved him less. She had as yet, unlike her sister, had no stronger passion of the heart, to eclipse and throw into the shade the tenderness which she felt for her brother, and she had, consequently, clung to his name with more than a sister's usual power of attachment.

We have dwelt so long upon the less amiable characters of our history, and so filled our pages with accounts of riot and debauchery, that we have dedicated less room than we could have wished to the simple virtues and unambitious goodness of such individuals as Lady Fanny Bazancourt.

We remember that when we were children, the stories of naughty boys and girls used to excite a much deeper interest in us than the descriptions of the good ones. We should never have learnt to read if all the stories in the spelling-book had been about good boys. In later years, even, we found the history of a Nero or Caligula's reign much more entertaining than that of a Nerva or a Trajan; and it is, perhaps, on this account that we have been induced to pay more attention, in this work, to the biographies of our wicked heroes and heroines, than to those of our virtuous characters. A Madonna by Raphael may be edifying, but a caricature of miserable sinners by Cruikshank is amusing; and although we are neither Raphaels nor Cruikshanks, amusement rather than instruction has been our object. If we have pursued wrong means for the attainment of this end, we are glad that the taste of the public is so virtuous, and we bow to its decision.

But the person who was most of all affected by Lord Fletcher's untimely death—not in the way of grief but of anger—was the Comtesse de Carbonnelle. With grief, of course, she was deeply afflicted also; but that her brother should have been killed by the hand of Clanelly made her furious with indignation. She cast up her eyes to the skies, and asked with Othello—

“Are there no bolts in heaven?”

“Is this man always,” she exclaimed, “to wander over the earth, insulting whom he will with impunity, laughing at the ties and the laws that bind ordinary men, profaning everything that is sacred, trampling on everything that is good? Am I never to see the hour when his head shall be laid low in the dust, when his pride shall have a fall, when he shall be made to confess the justice of the bitter retribution that he shall suffer? Would that my younger brother were here! *his* hand would not have trembled in the face of the traitor—*his* eye would not have blanched as he took his aim! Even yet, Richard shall teach him that the name of Bazancourt is not to be trifled with for nothing, and that he who dares to laugh in the lion's face cannot do so long with impunity. Richard has sworn to

me that he will avenge my wrongs. Is he absolved from such an oath by the murder of his brother? Does not his brother's blood rather cry out to him from the ground for retribution on his dastardly assassin's head? Would that Richard were indeed at hand!"

But Richard Bazancourt, now become Lord Fletcher by the death of his elder brother, required no call on the part of his sister to inspire him with the most passionate feeling of resentment against Lord Clanelly, which was encreased a hundred-fold on his return to Paris from Fontainebleau the same evening, when he first received intelligence of the manner of the late Lord Fletcher's exit from the world. It seemed as if destiny had purposely built up, one stone after another, the pyramid of his enemy's monstrous iniquities, in order that he might be hurled at last with greater force, and deeper execration, from its summit.

*"Centum numerosa parabat
Excelsæ turris tabulata, unde altior esset
Casus, et impulsæ gravior casura ruina!"*

The injury first offered to his sister was not enough. The atrocities heaped upon the undeserving head of the unfortunate Jeannette Isabelle had not

been sufficient: it was necessary, before his cup was full, that our hero's brother should also fall by his hand! There seemed a strange fate in these things, and as the young avenger pondered on them, his dark eye flashed, and he fancied himself urged on by some superior and irresistible power to the end. He felt as if he were the delegated minister of heaven's own justice, and he defended, in his own mind, the fearful hatred which he nourished against Lord Clanelly, by the idea that he had merited worse punishment than anything that his deadliest vengeance could inflict.

We hope we shall not convey too evil an impression of our hero to our readers, for we believe that we are only delineating human nature, when we allow that even the death of his brother did not make half so great an impression on his mind, as the treatment of his Isabelle. A secret feeling of jealousy and spite against the man who had dared to love what he had loved, was still more than any other feeling, the actuating motive of our hero's mind. He had, in fact, since he had first known our heroine, but one sole thought—one wish—one hope—one existence. When he was present with her, her presence only gave greater force to his

passion; when absent, absence seemed to add fuel to the flames. Immediately after the fatal duel, Lord Clanelly had quitted Paris; but it was ascertained that he was not gone a long distance, and that he did not intend to be absent long, and our hero awaited his return with the impatience of the leopard, who lies with glaring eyes, and panting tongue in his ambush, ready to dart upon his prey.

Oh! what a strange, what a terrible, what an almighty power, is Love! How it triumphs over habit, and models anew nature, tramples down the firmest resolutions, sets at nought the pride of character, and warps the schooled lessons of education aside! How it abases religion, and humbles virtue, and scoffs at the strong, and gives mighty daring to the weak! It turns the meek and gentle-minded boy, into the determined and ungovernable man! It makes the believing Christian, in spite of all his creed, a homicide. It converts the pious thought, and the amiable charities of life, into vindictive hatred, and the implacable thirst of another's blood. Again, it binds to life the weary and the woe-begone, sheds a new charm over existence, and a ray of light upon this dark and dismal world. It calleth back to joy the stricken

in sorrow, and reconcileth them that were wooing the stillness of the grave, to move yet awhile longer in the hurrying scenes of passionate being. How often had Jeannette Isabelle longed for an eternal sleep! How earnestly and how long had she wished only for repose! How had she looked on the silent tomb as a refuge, and desired to put on the grave-clothes and the shroud, as a girl to robe herself in the garments of her bridal! And now, distracted as she still was with fears of her husband, ill-reconciled as she must necessarily be to the habitation and company to which she was consigned, she clung to life with a fondness she had never known before.

The day when our hero had left her alone with the good old lady of Fontainebleau, was to her an epoch of sadness. The amiable mistress of the house, who was supposed to be ignorant of the existence of any connection between Jeannette Isabelle and our hero, could not allude in any distinct terms to so delicate a subject; but she endeavoured to console her with the beautiful words of the holy book—she wiped away her tears for her—she caressed her and comforted her—and all was alike in vain. Jeannette Isabelle flew to the solitude of

her own chamber; that day she did not even like to look upon her child—it was Clanelly's. She threw herself on her couch, and buried her face in her burning hands. Her dishevelled hair floated down her shoulders—the reading Magdalene of Corregio, with the zoneless bosom and the streaming eyes, never looked half so lovely by the marge of the purling fountain on the mossy grass. Good heavens! what sound was that? voices in the street beneath her window repeat in conversation the name of Clanelly. Again and again she hears the word distinctly uttered! The crowd encreases, terror fixes her to the spot. With difficulty she hears the confused murmur, and putting fragments together, she collects a report just brought from Paris by the mail, that a duel had taken place that morning between Lord Clanelly and Lord Furstenroy's son—and that the latter had been shot. Shot! killed perhaps! one man said, certainly, that he was dead. She thought only of Richard Bazancourt. And Clanelly so near her! She swooned away.

CHAPTER XI.

It was natural that no other thought should present itself to the mind of Jeannette Isabelle, on hearing the vague and scattered information thus casually conveyed to her by the window, than that our hero had fallen by the hand of her husband. That Lord Furstenroy had two sons, she was indeed aware; but so little accustomed had she been to hear even the name of the late Lord Fletcher alluded to, that it would have required more reflection and a cooler recollection than she could then command, to have weighed the probabilities as to which of the two brothers had been the victim. Knowing well the furious hatred borne by our hero to Lord Clanelly, and placed by his very absence in a state of nervous apprehension, which exaggerated and confirmed the worst view of the subject, she doubted not for a moment that a duel had taken place between her lawful husband and her

unlawful lover, and she felt all the poignancy of anguish which a woman may be conceived to experience under the weight of such a position. The devoted love which she bore to the one; which she could not help bearing to him, in spite of its direct opposition to the laws of man and God, contrasted fearfully with her deep detestation of the other, whom she was bound by the ties of heaven and of earth to love, cherish, and obey. Love and duty were arrayed in the most contradictory opposition one against the other. She felt as if she had never truly loved our hero, or known his value until now. She almost went distracted. The uncertainty she felt, harrowed up her heart a hundred times more fearfully than the most agonizing conviction of the truth could have done. The certainty of the worst is better, far better, than the unconfirmed, unrefuted suspicion and fear of evil. She knew not what she did. On recovering from her fainting fit, she found herself surrounded by all the sedulous attentions and sympathizing care of the good old lady of the house, and of her own maid Victoire. The usual means resorted to in such cases had been applied, and so far as the renewed circulation of the blood, and the restoration of her bodily faculties availed, they had been success-

ful ; but her mind was diseased ;—horror seemed to have taken possession of her, and there was a wildness in her manner and in her aspect, which terrified the mild and quiet old lady who was tending her. Victoire, thinking to appease and tranquillize her agitated feelings, brought her infant Florence, and placed her on her mother's knees.

“ Away ! away, that child ! ” she almost screamed aloud—“ it has its father's eyes ; it has his horrid leer ; its lowering brow is his ; its nauseous, puling, caterwauling lips are drivelled with the slaver of his poisonous kisses—pah ! He is coming ! he is coming !—save me from him, dearest ! ”—and then pressing back the wavy ringlets from her scorching temples, she again seemed to recognize her infant ;—the full gushing tide of maternal tenderness flowed over her again, and she burst into hysterical tears.

“ Calm yourself ; compose yourself ; endeavour to repose, and thus restore yourself gradually to tranquillity,” said the kind voice of the old lady of the house, who was entirely ignorant of the cause of this attack of frenzy, and who was herself accustomed to seek in religion a never-failing consolation under all afflictions—and she too had had her share. “ We are not tempted beyond what we can bear. God will

be merciful unto you, and dispose, in his wisdom and goodness, all events for the best: but we must be submissive to his will, and bow with resignation to the trials to which we are subjected in this mortal state."

Our heroine hung down her head in silent abstraction, and answered not, except by sighs and tears, the consoling address of her amiable companion. The gray hairs of that old lady, neatly banded beneath her quiet cap, seemed to give her an additional title to respect, and as she proceeded with those themes of comfort, which never fail to fall like balm upon the believing ear, she kindled gradually into that eloquence in her exhortations, which only the fervour of true devotion can bestow.

"Blessed are the meek and lowly in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven! Blessed are ye, when men revile you and persecute you, for through tribulation and tears is the path to everlasting glory. Put your trust in higher things than those of this world, for they are vain and transitory; their splendour abideth not, and their beauty is soon gone. God giveth to them that are good in his sight, wisdom, and knowledge, and joy; and wisdom strengtheneth the wise more than ten mighty men which are in the city."

“Alas!” replied Isabelle, when the voice ceased which had been endeavouring so kindly to kindle in her bosom a religious spirit, similar to that by which itself was dictated, “alas! I am not ignorant of the source from whence your beautiful words are borrowed. Night and day I have made my study in that book, but the more I have sought to fortify myself with learning, and reading, and the accumulated intelligence of all great thinking minds, since the world began, the more surely have I been obliged to revert to the conclusion of the same inspired writer whom you have so happily cited:—‘and I gave my heart to know wisdom, and to know madness and folly. I perceived that this also is vexation of spirit; for in much wisdom is much grief, and he that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow.’”

The old lady took the hand of our heroine and continued.

“It gives me pleasure indeed to find that my young friend is so well acquainted with the words of Holy Writ, more especially that she has made the peculiar study of her own choice one of my most favourite books:—I mean that preacher, who bids thee to “rejoice in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; and walk in the ways of thy heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know

thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment. Therefore remove sorrow from thy heart, and put away evil from thy flesh ; for childhood and youth are vanity.”

“And yet,” said Isabelle, thoughtfully and sadly, “is it not written in the same book, ‘that the sons of men themselves are as the beasts; for that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts—even one thing befalleth them:—as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath, so that a man hath no preeminence above a beast; for all is vanity. All go unto one place: all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again. Who knoweth the spirit of man which goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast which goeth downward to the earth?’ It is true, as we are told by the poet, that ‘every yesterday has lighted *fools* the way to dusty death.’ Alas! has the wise man in his generation any exemption from the destination of the fool?”

“My friend,” said the old lady, “there is an expression, if I mistake not, of doubt in the manner in which you have repeated these words. If I read your face aright, there is a questioning there of the ways of Providence, and a challenging of his wise purposes, which it is not for mortal minds to dare.

Beware how you tempt the Most High, by perverse applications and wilful misconstructions, even of those passages of inspired writing which seem at first of singular, or even of equivocal meaning, but which, if considered in apposition with the general tenor of the texts with which they are surrounded, must only tend to direct our hearts with still greater force to that fountain of joy, of which we all hope to drink in the kingdom of heaven."

Our heroine's mind was in an agitated state. She could not now command that discretionary moderation of thought and language, which out of respect to the feelings of others, had on general occasions, and especially in all previous conversations with this kind old lady, prevented her from giving utterance to her real sentiments on these important points. Overpowered now almost to the loss of her reason, by the complication of troubles with which she was surrounded; stunned by the intelligence of the duel, and the mention of her dreaded husband's name, which she had just casually heard from the window, she could not help giving way to the bitter feelings which had taken possession of her soul.

"It is all a mockery and a farce," she cried aloud. "Tell not to me the ten-times repeated tale

of spiritual consolations, and recompenses in another world!—Why do we suffer here? What caused these tears to flow? Why should there be evil on the earth?—Answer me that, and I will kneel and kiss the cross with a hundred times more than the zeal of the most credulous devotee! Recompenses in another world forsooth!—I need them not! I ask them not at the hand of him that made me! Too well contented should I be to obtain only eternal repose: too welcome were the boon of annihilation to one whose whole existence has been misery, and yet whose only effort has been to promote the happiness of others;—but in vain! My cheeks are channelled with perpetual tears; my eyes ache with weeping for the wickedness of man; my life is one protracted agony. Why was I ever born?—I never asked for existence from him that gave it!—I have sought to die, and my evil destiny has still arrested my design. We are born against our will, and we die against our will, and the events of our lives are fashioned in the mould of fate; and then we are told, in mockery, that we are free agents. We are put in, like cotton to the mill, at one end of the machinery of life, and sent out again at the other: the works go on, and the wheels run round, and dread changes

are wrought in us, and strange revolutions take place in our natures, and we learn to curse instead of bless, and find bitterness in what we took for bliss ;—but it is a farce to tell us that our movements are the results of our own free will.”

The old lady was consternated, and shocked : she remained an instant silent, as if doubting what course she should adopt, when the conversation was interrupted by the timely arrival of a travelling carriage, which stopped at the house-door in the street below.

The new arriver turned out happily to be none other than the friend of our heroine's youth, the fair and still faithful Principessa de Collini, who, with her husband, Pisatelli, had just returned from Italy ; and in passing through Fontainebleau, which is on the high road from Lyons to Paris, had seized the opportunity of paying a visit to one whom she so much respected as the old lady of the mansion. Her appearance was a great relief to this excellent individual ; and the idea immediately struck her, that she might convert her casual presence into a real and substantial good to Jeannette Isabelle.

Their views upon religious points being now discovered to be so essentially opposed, and it being

evident that repose was necessary for the reestablishment of our heroine's shattered health, it was soon arranged between the old lady and the principessa, that the latter should so far change the destination of her immediate journey, as to convey Jeannette to a retired chateau near Meaux on the Marne, which belonged to a member of Pisatelli's family, and was at present unoccupied. This would be better for our heroine's tranquillity than Paris; here also she would be safe from the discovery of her husband, who seemed at present to have made Paris the place of his abode; here, in company with the amiable companion of her infancy, she would be able to talk over the scenes of their childhood in happy Italy, and be spared those painful collisions of opinion, of which the recent conversation with the old lady had given so unpromising a specimen. It was judged better, as her infant, Florence, seemed now rather to have become an object of repulsion to her than of pleasure, to leave the child for the present under the care of the lady of the house and Victoire: and these arrangements being hastily made among the other parties, the passive Jeannette Isabelle, in a state of mind bordering nearly on madness, and neither advocating nor impeding the measure, suffered

herself to be put, without further delay, into her friend's carriage; and posting across the country, soon found herself shut up in an old Gothic room, with mullioned windows, looking down upon the yellow waters of the Marne, and commanding an extensive view of the champaign country wide around it.

CHAPTER XII.

ALL this had taken place on the evening of the eleventh of July. Only the afternoon previously our hero had quitted Fontainebleau to return to Paris, and the delay occasioned by his having slept upon the road, had caused him to arrive in the capital on the morning of the eleventh, just too late to impede the duel which ended so fatally, or to substitute himself in his brother's place as the principal.

The day of the twelfth was passed principally in making the necessary arrangements for the impending ceremony of the late Lord Fletcher's funeral, and in instituting some enquiries relative to the course which Lord Clanelly might have taken on quitting Paris; as it was our hero's fixed determination to let no longer time elapse, but to bring, by some means or other, the slayer of his brother immediately into the field.

On the morning of the thirteenth instant, the

sturdy old porter of the Bedford Hôtel, walked into our hero's apartment, and placed two letters in his hand, of which the following are copies. The first was from his Jeannette Isabelle, but so shaken and irregular was the writing, from the agitation of mind with which it had been penned, as to be scarcely recognizable :

LETTER FROM JEANNETTE ISABELLE.

“Oh! why did you leave me so far from you! It was cruel, it was selfish, it was ungenerous! Come to me, if you are yet alive, this very instant! write—write—write to say that you are coming, or you will be too late. I have left Fontainebleau, and am now with Pisatelli and his wife, at their chateau, on the Marne; but I am almost dead with terror. I know nothing. I am not sure even that you are not killed, and all my joy in life thus taken from me. Clanelly is near me, and I have no defence; my brain reels with the affright. My self-confidence abandons me; I cannot endure this agony of suspense much longer. I know you will come the instant that this reaches you. You shall, and must come, or Clanelly will murder me. God grant, my inexorable destiny grant, that he may not yet

have murdered you yourself! Relieve me from this tumult of terror, and come—come—come to these open arms, or I shall die.

“Your own darling ever,

“JEANNETTE ISABELLE.”

It is needless to say, that this was the first letter of which our hero broke the seal. Nothing equals the impatience of a lover at receiving a letter from his mistress: but the melancholy contents caused more sensation of pain, than the first sight of the cover had produced of joy; and our hero read it over and over again many times, before he recovered from the almost stunning effect which its impetuous earnestness produced.

At length he found time, and recovered composure sufficient, to open the second letter, which was unhappily not calculated by its contents to relieve the disquiet which had been created by the first:

LETTER OF LADY FANNY BAZANCOURT.

“MY DEAR BROTHER,

“You must come immediately to Montmorency, I request, indeed, that you will not make one in-

stant's delay, except it be to call for our physician, in the Rue Neuve du Luxembourg, and bring him with you in the carriage. The sad event of yesterday morning, to which I cannot now bear to make further allusion, threatens not to terminate fatally to our lamented brother only. You will be shocked to hear that our dear father has been affected, partly, I fear, through the jar given to his system by that melancholy intelligence, with a most violent and dangerous attack. The gout has flown to his stomach, and notwithstanding all the skill and endeavours of our resident medical man, he has not yet experienced the least relief from the agony in which he is lying. I need not say one word more to bring you to us without waiting for anything, as, however much we must all hope for the best, it is impossible to be too apprehensive with regard to the course which so terrible a seizure may ultimately take.

"Yours affectionately, and in haste,

"FANNY BAZANCOURT."

The Roman Metius torn to pieces by the antagonist force of his own horses, was but an inadequate image of the mental distraction occasioned by these two letters. Which was to claim the pre-

cedence? Which was to be answered first? Should he direct his course to Meaux or to Montmorency? At either place his presence seemed equally required. Our hero reflected first, that at Montmorency Lord Furstenroy had all the benefit of his sister's incessant attention, and the advantage of the vicinity of Paris, and the easy access to the best medical advice. The gout, too, was so uncertain and capricious a disease, that he did not, at first, incline to attach so much importance to this attack, as Lady Fanny appeared to do in her letter. These were the first thoughts that struck him, for the wish was parent to the thought, and his own personal inclination would not have hesitated long, if nothing but inclination had been called in question; but Richard Bazancourt, or Lord Fletcher as we must now call him, was not insensible to the claims of duty. He felt that his sick and, perhaps, dying father had a paramount title to his care and attention, with which no other possible call upon him could come into competition. He recollected that his Jeannette Isabelle was, at least, attended and soignée by the affectionate services of Pisatelli and his Italian wife.

Much as he was embarrassed by the circum-

stance of our heroine's sudden change of abode from the comfortable and well-selected spot where he had placed her, the presence of these friends from Italy seemed in some measure to account for it. He reflected, too, on the nervous and excitable natures of women, and their habitual disposition to exaggerate danger, to strongly colour circumstance, and to represent everything as they see it through the distempered medium of their own hasty impressions. He said to himself, "My poor Jeannette! she is tormenting herself in vain for nothing; as if her real misfortunes were not enough, her imagination conjures up endless chimeras to terrify and disquiet her. I will hasten to her afterwards; but I must first discharge the positive duty which I owe to the author of my being, by driving over to Montmorency and seeing with my own eyes the real state in which my father lies."

Our hero accordingly, having definitively made up his mind as to the line of conduct which it was incumbent on him to adopt, rung the bell, ordered his carriage, called for the physician in the Rue Neuve du Luxembourg, and was presently far on his road to Montmorency. Arrived at the rural residence which was, during the present summer, te-

nanted by his family, our hero found that the violence of his father's malady had not been at all exaggerated by the description of his sister. It appeared likely that but few hours would be spared to the old earl, and the physician who had accompanied our hero shook his head as he felt the pulse and observed the other symptoms of the noble invalid. His favourite daughter, Lady Fanny Bazancourt, was incessant and indefatigable in the kind offices which she supplied at the bedside of the patient, and soon after our hero's arrival, she took an opportunity of acquainting his father with his presence.

The good old Tory nobleman, who had been in a panic of consternation ever since the intelligence of his eldest son's death had reached him, and who was, perhaps, even more afflicted at his having, as he termed it, died in his sins, without having renounced or recanted his heretical views of politics or his radical doctrines, than by the simple circumstance of his loss, revived a little on being made to understand that his son Richard was arrived. He stretched out his shrivelled and feverish hand from beneath the bed-clothes to greet his son, and was for a moment silent, as if overpowered by the

intensity of his feelings. At last he spoke. "Thank God that you are spared to me still, my son!" he gasped forth faintly, and asked languidly for water to refresh his parched lips; "thank God that you, at least, are left to keep up and perpetuate the honourable race and name of Bazancourt. The title has been bequeathed to me by my ancestors untarnished, and it will be your duty, as well as your pride, to transmit it untarnished to your posterity. As to my poor boy Fletcher—overweening conceit—unfortunate end—premature catastrophe—reprehensible politics—good of his country—respectability of family—however disgraced—much to be deplored."

These were the indistinct sounds and unfinished sentences which fell upon the ear of the attendants round the sick man's bed. After a few moments' respite, he again continued in the same strain: "You, my dear boy, will feel it soon to be your duty to seek for an alliance with a daughter of some other noble house, equal to our own in estimation and in descent." Here our hero, unable to contain his emotion, sighed audibly. "Perhaps," continued the dying earl, observing his son's excitement, "perhaps you may have already made such choice,

and happy in yourself, happy in the partner of your wedded bliss, happy in the progeny which will succeed to their father and their grandfather when we both, my dear Richard, shall be mouldering in the dust, you already foresee in prospect a long life of prosperity and peace—conjugal felicity—your poor dear mother—first and heaviest affliction—only equalled by the mistaken views of my eldest son—tell me—comfort me, Richard, by communicating to me on whom your matrimonial preference may be likely to alight.”

Our hero was shocked, grieved, and completely overpowered by this appeal. The thought of Jeannette Isabelle came over him, and he felt that for him no such domestic happiness was reserved; he acknowledged to himself that he had built his bowers elsewhere—far away in the lone desert was his home: no social harmony—no family delights—no recognised intercourse with the world’s charities—no wife that he could proudly call his own—no children to bless him for being their father. The tears came involuntarily to our hero’s eyes; but the trying interview was not destined to be protracted long.

“Happy am I,” continued the old earl, “truly

happy am I—oh! this horrible pain!—oh! it is too much for me!—truly happy, I say, to leave my title and my lands to one whose political bias coincides so entirely with my own, as yours, my son;—oh! I can stand this no longer—my moments are numbered, Richard—the agony is too great for me.”

Our hero smoothed the pillow of his expiring father, and overcome, as all must be by the moving trial of so sad a scene, professed himself willing and ready to fulfil whatever views Lord Furstenroy might have entertained for him in relation to politics.

“ French revolution—cursed philosophers—” pursued the old gentleman again at intervals of a longer and longer continuance; and, as he spoke, the film of death already glazed his lurid eyes, and his hands continued incessantly plucking the bed-clothes, with that wild and mysterious motion which is the sure forerunner of dissolution;—“ political economy—mistaken views—theorists—practical men—the family borough—had intended—next dissolution—large majority—House of Peers now—take my place—maintain constitution—no innovations—turn out the Whigs.”

The chaplain, who was in attendance, having

been left alone with the old earl for some time, his family were once more admitted. The Countess de Carbonnelle and her husband had arrived from Paris, and hastened with her brother and sister to the bedside of her father to receive his parting benediction. This was the first time that they all had met since the untoward event of Lord Fletcher's death, and it was a sad meeting. Nevertheless, even at the bedside of the dying man, our hero's eldest sister could not all forget the haughty bearing of her nature, nor lay aside that thirsting for revenge which had burnt with two-fold fury in her bosom since the event of the fatal eleventh. She looked deeply into her brother's eyes, as she pressed his proffered hand, and said, sternly and impressively in his ear, the single word "Remember."

Meanwhile, the sands of the hour-glass were fleeting rapidly away, and but little strength remained in the old man's veins. "Settlement of my affairs is given—" he muttered almost inaudibly—"Lord Carmansdale—jointly with—legacies not numerous—happy in another world—oh! my left side—horrible! Mr. Snuffles—body in family vault—consolidate party—agricultural interests—oh!

the pain again—conservative measures—God bless you all!—oh!—conser—va—tive mea—”

The old man's voice was still—his family left the room in tears—the attendant nurse closed his eyes—it was late in the evening.

CHAPTER XIII.

Thus in the short space of two days our hero found himself, by the strange and uncontrollable power of destiny, advanced from the simple condition of Richard Bazancourt to be, first of all, heir-apparent to the earldom, and now himself the sole proprietor, and lord of all. The rapidly consecutive deaths of his elder brother, and of his father, had placed him, all unprepared and unexpected, on a pinnacle. The public gaze was on him—he was no longer an obscure and humble individual, whose actions and whose conduct may escape reprehension because they escape notice. He had become a peer of England. He was placed in a position which, oh! how many in this warring world would regard as the highest reward of their ambition—as the loftiest triumph of their hopes! Wealth, rank, station, public esteem, the affection

of his friends, commanding talent, personal beauty—all these were his. What others make the crowning object of a long life of toils had fallen upon him unasked, un hoped for, in his early youth. A proud career was now before him, if he chose to dedicate his time and his talents to political or literary fame. The stage was strewed for him with garlands: he had only to appear, in order to receive the plaudits of an admiring world. Oh! how his heart sickened, how his spirit saddened, as he mused on this! How he wished, as he retired to the stillness of his chamber on that fateful night, that the private, instead of the public path of life had been his; that the wife, like the fruitful vine upon the walls of his house, and the young children, like arrows in the hands of a giant, had been reserved for him! One great, mighty, desolating passion had passed over him like the simoom, and, as it swept him with its withering wings, had dried up every source of joy, of hope, of pride, and of ambition, within him. What to him now were the cheers of the crowded senates, or the paragraphic tributes of an adulatory press? What charm for him had the winning smile of woman, the dalliance of the lighted festival, the choral music, or

the merry dance? No excitement which he might hereafter meet with, could by any possibility compete in its effect with the violence of the passion which he had experienced. After this, all other joys must pall upon his sense—all other emotions must be dead to his bosom—all other triumphs seem unworthy of his aim. To have once loved to this terrible excess, violent though the passion may be while the indulgence of the appetite remains, is yet still more appalling in the ravages it leaves behind. The Canaan of the heart is laid waste. The wild boar's tusks have rooted up the vines; from Dan to Beersheba it is barren. Oh! if one boon might, indeed, be in mercy given by all-pitying heaven to such victims of unutterable anguish, and insatiable desire—if the feeble wish of man had but the power to influence, in some faint degree, the dispensations of mysterious providence—well might it be directed in obtaining that those who love like our hero should die in their youth, and in their loves—while the evil days come not, and the joy of their hearts is new! Well might the prayer be offered, and the sigh preferred, that they might be spared the painful passage through

that wilderness, which waits them on the shore beyond—the dead drear flat—the weary waste of uninteresting and unlovely existence!

The chamber of our hero was on the lower floor, and the long casements opening to the ground, which let in the mellowing light of evening to his apartment, led to a long and shady avenue of limes; the gravel was covered with moss; by the side of the limes was an extensive and gradually sloping lawn, and at the extremity of the garden a high gray massive wall, which, with its loop-holes and bastions, seemed to have been formerly the defence of the house which it surrounded; but now the ivy wove its green pall over the mouldering battlements, and lent a beauty and a freshness to decay, like the smile of friendship, welcome to the broken heart.

Our hero could not remain quiet in his room; the melancholy scene, which he had just witnessed in the apartment above, remained in his vision, and was re-acted over and over again in fancy's eye. His father's dying accents rung in his ear, and his uncertainty and apprehension regarding Jeannette Isabelle perplexed him. Unable to com-

pose his thoughts, he flung open the long window, and advanced into the avenue, where he continued pacing up and down in the cool evening air, musing on a thousand themes—the fleeting littleness of power—the vanity of earthly pomp—the worthlessness of worldly fame. The long drooping branches of the limes scarcely moved, for there was little wind. Our hero pored and pondered on the last wishes expressed to him by his dying father, that he would devote himself to political pursuits. “Vain, false, unsatisfying shadow,” he exclaimed; “cheating semblance of that which had no substance in reality! idol of ambition—fame! how deeply I despise you! What profit is it to me that ages after me should treasure up my name in their dusty annals, as one of those poor individual worms, whose aggregate makes up the paltry pageant of the passing day? What good is it that I should be misrepresented on the lying page of history, my motives misinterpreted, my words misreported, my feelings misunderstood? Happier, far happier, should I be, if, with my Isabelle, it were my fate to live beneath the shade of these o’erhanging limes! She should cite to me the epitaph from the tomb of the old bard in her own bright sunny land:

‘ Virgilii ad tumulum divini præmia vatis
Extendit viridem laurea densa comam.
Quid tibi defuncto hæc prosit?—Felicior olim
Sub patulæ fagi tegmine vivus eras!’

Fame! What is it? A few years pass by, and the notes of its clarion are forgotten—a few short miles are traversed, and the echo of its shouts is no more heard. Ambition woos it, and mortification is the child of their union: and Goldsmith’s Chinese Philosopher, seeking in vain among the London book-stalls the works of the immortal Illixifou, is only a common instance of the vanity of their religion, who make their idol, glory.”

As our hero meditated in this mood, and looked up, at each alternate turn, as he paced up and down the avenue, to the illuminated windows of that chamber, where the tapers burnt by the side of the dead, he was startled by hearing near him the sound of a light step, and in an instant, his sister, the Comtesse de Carbonelle, stood before him. “Richard,” said she, as she approached, and laid her finger on his arm, “Do you remember?”

Her brother took her hand, and pressed it to his heart. “My sister,” he replied, “the blood beats quick and hotly here—feel you not its pul-

sation? 'Tis well;—every drop of this blood is devoted to the cause. Never shall you have reason to say that I have forgotten that which I have, alas! too many motives, which even you know not of, to bitterly remember!”

“I trust you,” rejoined his sister; “I knew your strength of purpose even when you were a child. I marked the stern determination of your character, and your unbending dignity of resolve. You are my brother—you are not unworthy of me. Revenge on Clanelly has been the secret purpose, the darling object of my soul for years; for this I have demeaned myself by espousing a man, for whom—no matter—Carbonelle was not my earliest choice—but Clanelly did not like to see him wed me, and I am content. For this I have never failed, even since your childhood, to stimulate you to punish the base traitor as he deserves. He has now aggravated his insult to myself, by becoming the slayer of my eldest brother,—and even my poor lamented father’s death may be attributed to the shock he received at the intelligence of the fatal duel: consequently, you are doubly and trebly bound to punish and humble the wickedness and pride of Clanelly. You have sworn to me already

that you will do so—surely you will not now hesitate to repeat the oath. Swear!”

And our hero did repeat the oath. He did swear most solemnly, that he would never rest till he had called to account the man who appeared created by destiny on purpose to be his evil genius. He swore the oath aloud, and with a most deadly intensity of purpose; but his sister little knew what made that hate so deadly, or what made that utterance so intense.

The Comtesse de Carbonelle retreated again into the house, but the thoughts of our hero were with Isabelle. He paced agitatedly up and down the avenue, till long after the moon rose;—he mused on Stonesfield—how often had they seen it rise together there! He thought of Blenheim, and of that delicious night, when he first had met her by the water’s side. The wind, increasing slightly as the chilliness of night came on, crept along the ivy on the wall, and just crisped its waving and tremulous leaves; the bats flitted by the lighted oriel window of the room which contained his father’s corpse;—he could distinctly hear even the scratching and hungry crying of the cats at the door of the chamber of death—and he shuddered. The night was so still, and the spot so

retired, that even the chirping of the cricket, or the whirring of the cock-chaffer's wings, seemed loud and harsh, and our hero started at hearing near him the hooting of a solitary owl.

There is something so sad and solemn in the house of death, that even the stoutest and bravest have trembled, and felt their flesh creep involuntarily as they have entered it alone; and our hero, as he at length stole quietly back to his chamber, and closed after him the long narrow casement, as he advanced towards the table, and found there the two candles which he had left, now nearly half consumed, and casting a dismal and shadowy light, through the length of their unsnuffed wicks—even our hero felt a strange unearthly feeling steal over him; one of those indescribable sensations which seem to speak to us sometimes of the other world—one of those snatches of the future—those glimpses of the dark abyss, which make us tremble, we know not why, in solitude, and silence, and darkness—which make us quiver, although without fear; and sad, even though we have no immediate cause for sorrow.

Our hero approached the casement, which he had only partially closed, in order to secure it by the fastening. It was now past midnight, and the moon

was high. There, gazing at him, face to face, through the glass, he saw distinctly and clearly the figure of his Jeannette Isabelle ! There could be no mistake, for it was close to him ;—nothing but the intervention of the pane of glass prevented him from touching it ; and he continued gazing on it long, by an unaccountable sort of fascination, unable to move or to turn his eyes away from the strange unearthly spectacle ; for oh ! the face of his unlooked for visitant was ghastly pale ; the expression of its eyes was leaden-like and livid ; and so abjectly sad, so unutterably melancholy and desponding, that our hero quaked with terror. The figure shook its long dark spectral curls, as if reproachfully ; waved its hand thrice, and pointed to the moon ; then looking once more anxiously and imploringly into our hero's face, it suddenly was gone. Whither ? By what means ? What was it ? Our hero asked these questions of himself, but he found no answer. He opened the casement and paced again the whole garden over : the wall was lofty enough to prevent the escape of any one ; and then, the unearthly gaze of that mute sad vision ! the midnight hour ! the peculiar circumstances of their last parting ! the note—the warning, supplicating, and yet unanswered note of yesterday ! No wonder the spectre looked

reproachfully at him ! Our hero spoke aloud, and the sound of his own voice startled him, although it was unchanged. He tried optical experiments with his vision, but his senses were all in order, and he discovered nothing that could have occasioned any illusion. He paced again and again up and down his apartment ;—he even called on the name of his Isabelle, but the vision did not return. Whatever it was, it was one of those secrets of the prison-house, of which the tale was never yet unfolded here. At all events it did not seem to be a favourable omen, and the fears and apprehensions of our hero were redoubled a hundred times. He thought of the Irish superstition of the fetches, and fancied that he traced in this appearance of to-night, a fearful confirmation of such wild legends. He tried to recollect some parallel story, in order to account for the occurrence, from Scott's History of Dæmonology and Witchcraft, or from the accredited ghost stories. He reminded himself of the supernatural visions which used to trouble the fancy of the celebrated painter, Blake, who illustrated the Night Thoughts—but in vain : his was no fancied vision ; what he had seen, he had seen with his eyes, palpably and distinctly : his imagination was still haunted by the memory of the

figure; he had still floating before his brain, in all their melancholy clearness, the minute features, the gesture, the expression of that mystic visitant; but he could *see* it no longer. He had not spoken to it; a strange feeling of awe had prevented his doing so. He flung himself upon his bed, and covered his face with his hands. Jeannette Isabelle had come to reproach him for neglecting to attend her call: she had appeared to warn him of some evil consequent on this neglect. Why, in the morning, before leaving Paris, had he felt a presentiment of this? Why did he prefer visiting his father's death-bed to attending the summons of his love? He determined the first thing in the morning, to set off in the direction of Meaux upon the Marne, and at length, as the gray dawn crept through the curtains, he fell asleep from sheer sadness and exhaustion.

"Quanto piace al mondo è breve sogno!"

CHAPTER XIV.

How disgusting and sickening is the common-place of life—even its necessary business, but still more, its pleasures and its gauds, its follies and its mirth, —to the mourners !—

Mr. Snuffles, who had been sent for by express, on the first serious apprehension of Lord Furstenroy's danger, and Lord Carmansdale, who was already in Paris, on his way back to Naples, were soon at hand. The first, as the family lawyer, and the other as chief executor and trustee, appointed in the will for the administration of the disposable effects, entered officially on the discharge of their duties; but they could not sympathize with the deep feeling and bitter affliction which oppressed every member of the family itself. It was arranged by them, that the remains of Lord Fletcher, and of the earl his father, should be laid in the same hearse, and removed to the family vault in Northamptonshire for interment.

It was well that these two individuals were at hand to superintend all the details of this melancholy business, for no member of the family was in a fit state to undertake it. Lady Fanny Bazancourt and her married sister secluded themselves in their own chambers; and by an unaccountable singularity of conduct, which no one but himself would have committed, it was discovered that our hero had suddenly disappeared the very morning after his father's death: he had quitted the house alone, and on horseback, at an early hour. The disposition of his father's property, the arrangement of the funeral procession, the consolation of the other members of his family—all were alike neglected—and why?

It must have been a powerful motive which could lead away one, who was usually so attentive to his duties as Richard Bazancourt. Nevertheless, no one could give any account of his plans or his intentions. The Comtesse de Carbonnelle, if she had a suspicion in her mind that his absence was somehow connected with their conversation of the yesternight in the garden, locked up the secret in her own bosom, and appeared to be overcome and totally engrossed by the severity of her affliction.

Meanwhile, two grand parties in Paris, an extra-

ordinary event at this season of the year, divided the attention of Mr. Snuffles and Lord Carmansdale with their more serious and more melancholy offices. Both assemblies were to be given by two old English ladies resident at Paris, who were at the head of two opposite cliques or factions in society, and who consequently looked upon the success of these two rival parties as the test and criterion of their comparative popularity and influence.

Lady Constantia Pruderly was the great champion and defender of everything English. She had always in her mouth such phrases as the following:—"propriety of conduct"—"strictness of demeanour"—"unexceptionable deportment"—"domestic virtues"—"correctness of manners"—and so forth. She was an old maid, and being exceedingly stiff and rigid in all her ideas, she had contrived to make herself rather odious in certain circles of society, by refusing to call upon or visit one or two ladies whose behaviour she was pleased to consider a little too free. Amongst others, the Countess Carbonnell, on account of her open flirtations with George Grainger, had attracted her unfavourable notice; and she had omitted her, on the occasion of her last party, from the list of her invitations. Accordingly, George

Grainger had long nourished a secret spite and dislike against the old lady, which her present issue of invitations for a new party gave him an opportunity of gratifying. Determined to have his revenge, and far from being overscrupulous as to the means he adopted to obtain it, our privileged friend, George Grainger, was guilty of an action which will justly scandalize the right-thinking portion of our readers. We are greatly shocked at it ourselves; but when a man once acquires a habit of hoaxing, there is no telling where he will stop.

George Grainger, by means of a bribe, obtained from one of Lady Constantia Pruderly's servants a list of the people's names, to whom invitations had been sent; and the morning before the night of the party, he sent round notes to each of the persons who had been asked, informing them that the assembly was put off, on account of the sudden indisposition of Lady Constantia Pruderly.

That excellent but unfortunate lady, by no means suspicious of any such abominable fraud, and bent on eclipsing the party of her rival, and establishing the triumph of her own principles on the ruin of those of her antagonist, had spared no expense upon the preparations for this evening. The time arrived :

—eight—nine—ten—eleven—hour after hour went by, and not a soul had yet appeared in her salons. Six rooms were lighted with chandeliers ; the refreshments and the supper had been provided ; several singers from the opera waited in vain by the piano to enchant the absent audience. At last, poor Lady Constantia, perceiving that some trick must have been played her, and foreseeing the consequent triumph of the rival party of the night, burst into a frenzy of rage, tears, regrets, threats, and asseverations, and was carried in hysterics to bed.

In the mean time, the dowager Mrs. Mac-Rubber, whose evenings of reception were less restricted and exclusive, and who was consequently a more generally popular person, was astonished and delighted at the increasing multitudes who flocked into her drawing-room. People, whom she had scarcely expected, from their known intimacy with her rival, Lady Constantia, crowded into her rooms. There was the strangest medley ever seen :—Lord Arthur Mullingham was jumbled against Monsieur Percent, the old Jew banker ; a celebrated piano-forte manufacturer was in close contact with a German prince of the blood ; a London brewer and an opposition member of the Chamber of Deputies were brought

into collision, in the crowd, with Lord Carmansdale ; Barbara Scraggs found herself vis-à-vis to Mr. Snuffles ; and Fitz-Waterton could not extricate himself from the undesired vicinity of Mrs. Mac-Rubber herself.

“ Well ! this party is indeed most numerously frequented, and most populously thronged,” said Mr. Snuffles to Miss Barbara, wiping at the same time his forehead with a bright yellow silk handkerchief —“ oh ! dear me ! if Mrs. Snuffles could but tell where I am at this blessed moment ! ”

“ Is it true old Lord Furstenroy is dead ? ” inquired a man of very general misinformation in the crowd —“ was he not shot in a duel ? ”

“ By no means, sir,” replied Snuffles, with an air of importance ; “ I have had the honour to be for years the legal adviser of the family. Lord Furstenroy—poor man—died of gout in the stomach—a most extraordinary attack—most severely violent, and most acrimoniously terrible—liable to the gout myself ; so far, nobly privileged, and aristocratically distinguished. Lady Fanny Bazancourt extremely well provided for—good match—fortune enough for any man.”

Lord Arthur Mullingham happened to approach

as these words were spoken, and although not generally an interested man, he certainly did note this circumstance at the time, and remembered it afterwards to some purpose.

"Here comes the *chain-peer*, as they called him the other day at Brighton," said Fitz-Waterton, as Lord Carmansdale approached, covered with antique rings, and chains, and holding the Louis quatorze cane in his hand.

"Qui est-ce donc là?" enquired a French Carlist of Carmansdale, looking towards the London porter-brewer, who was dressed in a brown snuff coloured coat, and appeared every way calculated to play Falstaff without stuffing, "est-ce qui c'est un grand seigneur?"

"Pas précisément," replied Lord Carmansdale, "mais il est chevalier de Malte."

"Dieu! quelle odeur!" cried a pretty little comtesse, holding her perfumed handkerchief to her nose, as Mr. Earthstopper Brush Fivebars passed her, smelling noisomely of the stable; but Mr. Fivebars was not wounded by the remark, for he said he always liked to have the scent of his horses hanging about his clothes, and considered it to be the most recherché perfume in the world, as it

might be supposed to give evidence that he was the proprietor of a stud. Before going to a party he used frequently to stand half an hour in the stable, on purpose to acquire a large amount of this aristocratic odour.

Here Miss Barbara Scraggs was called by the lady of the house to the instrument, and sitting down, she began singing one of the Irish melodies at Fitz-Waterton. As her voice was not particularly enchanting, a general buzz of conversation was continued in the room.

"Swans sing before they die : 'twere no bad thing
If Bab had died before she learnt to sing :"

quoted the satirical and fastidious George Grainger. But the son of the rich pianoforte manufacturer distinguished himself most, by talking in a louder voice during the performance than any body else.

"*Piano*, my good sir, *piano*," said the Kilkenny cat, approaching him, and looking daggers and blunderbusses in his face. The son of the instrument maker was silent, and Fitz-Waterton walked away curling his moustaches with his finger and thumb.

"Bon soir, mon cher Paul," exclaimed the Jew

banker, with unrestrained familiarity to the German prince, laying his hand at the same time on his shoulder.

"I am sorry, sir," said the aristocrat, drawing himself up to his full height, "that I am not able to return you the compliment of saluting you by your *Christian* name.* The Jew was silent, and swore to himself that he would never lend any more money to a German prince.

Meanwhile, the opposition member of the Chamber of Deputies, was telling the last bon mot of M. Odillon Barrot with great applause. A majority of eighty-eight had been obtained in a recent important division against the government of Marshall Soult, notwithstanding that the government party had received the support of the doctrinaires. Odillon Barrot met de Broglie coming out of the chamber after his defeat, and looking extremely annoyed, and a good deal older than usual, in consequence of his chagrin at the result:—"Dieu, mon ami!" exclaimed the witty barrister, "comme vous êtes vieilli depuis hier! je ne vous aurais pas donné plus de quarante cinq ans, tout au plus; mais aujourd'hui votre figure a l'air de *quatre-vingt-huit*."

* Nom de baptême.

"Upon my honour and credit," exclaimed Fitz-Waterton to old Snuffles, as he looked round and beheld the innumerable flirtations that were going on in the corners, "I begin to think the cecisbeo and cavalière servente system, is as regularly recognized now at Paris, as it is in Italy; and I suppose in a few years more it will be pretty well established in London itself."

Mr. Snuffles, who did not understand the meaning of the words cecisbeo, or cavalière servente, replied, "that the death of the Earl of Furstenroy was to him a subject so exclusively interesting, and so absorbingly engrossing, that he could think of nothing else." He offered, however, to consult his law books on his return to town, if the Kilkenny cat was desirous of taking a good legal opinion upon the subject.

Just at this conjuncture, a great deal of sensation was excited at one end of the room, by the exhibition of a curious old snuffbox by Lord Carmansdale.

"I have no doubt," said Snuffles, "that it is most remarkably curious, and most anciently antique. Myself, I am satisfied with this plain box of Irish blackguard."

“Do you mean any allusion to me, sir?” asked the Kilkenny cat, stepping forward in a threatening attitude.

“By no means, sir,” answered Snuffles, “I was speaking of the snuffbox.”

“It is more like a lady’s bon-bonnière, than a gentleman’s snuffbox;” said the dowager lady of the house, who wished Lord Carmansdale to make her a present of it, “to-morrow is my jour de fête,” continued she, “do leave it here to-night—I should so like to shew it to my friends to-morrow—I want to see it by daylight.”

Lord Carmansdale, who began to tremble for his valuable piece of rococo, could not, however, evade this positive appeal, and consigned, with ill-concealed trepidation, the box into the hands of the lady, observing that he would send for it to-morrow. Lord Carmansdale returned home. His German servant, Anton, attended him at his toilet.

“There now,” said the old privileged domestic, “I told you how it would be. I told you never to take that box out with you, or you would be sure to lose it.”

“Go to-morrow morning early, Anton,” said his master, “take the étui with you, and say that you

are come for the tabatière, which I left with Mrs. Mac-Rubber."

The enemy, however, was not behindhand, and Mrs. Mac-Rubber knew well how to practise every sort of counter-manceuvre. The first thing the next morning, she told her housekeeper to take from the cupboard two large jars of preserved tamarinds, and to send them as a present to the residence of Lord Carmansdale. "Now," said she to herself, "I am sure of the bon-bonnière." Her confidence was not diminished, when half-an-hour afterwards Anton arrived with the étui, which the footman carried up stairs and delivered to his mistress without any message.

"See," said Mrs. Mac-Rubber to an early visitor who was with her, "his lordship has made me a present of the box, for he has sent me the étui."

Anton, however, was much too wide awake to his master's interest, to return without the snuffbox, and sending up again the footman, desired him to say, that he was desired to bring home the étui and the box together.

This decisive measure of Anton quite overthrew poor Mrs. Mac-Rubber's plans, and she was obliged to deliver up the box, and lament, at the same time,

the gratuitous loss of her two jars of preserved Indian tamarinds. Quel malheur! She was only consoled for her misfortune, by learning, later in the day, that the triumph of her party was complete; for that her rival, Lady Constantia Pruderly, had been played the most abominable trick, and had sate up all night to receive company, without a single arrival. "If this had happened to me," said Mrs. Mac-Rubber, "the shock would have certainly occasioned my death, and driven the gout to my stomach, like poor old Lord Furstenroy!" and so saying, she commenced assiduously polishing what she called "her dear little darling Meissen tea-pot."

CHAPTER XV.

HAUNTED unceasingly by the strange vision which he had seen through the window of his chamber, our hero had not enjoyed either a long or a tranquil slumber on that eventful night. Every time that he closed his eyes, the same sad beckoning form stood before him, shaking at him forlornly the dark tresses of her floating hair, and gazing in mute unutterable woe upon his face.

As soon as morning dawned, unable longer to remain inactive, or to endure the horrible state of uncertainty in which he was placed, he arose hastily from his pillow, made the best of his way to the stable, and saddling with his own hands his favourite Mahmoud, proceeded, before any of the domestics were awake, to quit the house of mourning, and accelerate his departure, at the quickest pace, in the direction of Meaux on the Marne. It was a wet and melancholy morning ; one of those inauspicious open-

ings of the day which depress irresistibly the spirits of sensitive men, and set the nerves on the *qui vive* with apprehension. Having repeatedly changed his horses, which he continued to propel at a most precipitate and even dangerous pace, our hero arrived in much shorter time than could be expected at the place of his destination. Nevertheless, the sun was high in heaven, and the day was considerably progressed already, when his loud and impetuous knock at the door of the friendly but unexpected Italian's house, startled the quiet inhabitants of the chateau from the unruffled quiet of their provincial inactivity. No meeting had taken place between our hero and the Principessa, since the first eventful evening at Blenheim, on which he had rescued poor Carlo from a watery grave. She however instantly recognized him, and, with one of those sad smiles, which at once kill hope and wither up every lingering leaf of joy's faded chaplet, greeted him to her desolate habitation.—Yes! her habitation too was desolate. Having waited in vain for an answer to the urgent letter which we have above transcribed, and in which she had so vehemently pressed his instant coming, our heroine was gone;—she had gone forth into the wide world like a fugitive and a wanderer; torn from

the hospitable hearth and the familiar voices of her friends; far from him who alone was dearer to her than all; unattended by him who alone appeared to her worthy to be her shield and her protector.

During the whole time that had elapsed since she quitted the house of the old lady at Fontainebleau, the demeanour and expressions of Jeannette Isabelle had tended to give fearful evidence that her mind bordered on a state of frenzy. The idea which she had at first taken up from casually hearing the conversation beneath her windows;—the idea that her lover had been killed by the hand of her husband, had continued to haunt her imagination. She had written to him, it is true, in terms as fond and confident as the still remaining feeling of hope blended with affection could dictate; but when hour after hour passed by, and still he came not; when her eyes were weary with looking for him from the lattice, and her ears ached with listening for the gallop of his steed, the dæmon of despair had usurped the sole empire of her thoughts, and she had nearly raved with the horrible uncertainty and agony of suspense in which she was placed. Her child was no longer with her to distract and beguile her mind; and it was certainly not a judicious proceeding on the part

of the good old lady to have detained little Florence from her mother ; for, however violent her expressions of dislike might have been, dictated by sudden emotion and capricious passion, at a moment of strong excitement, it was not to be supposed that Jeannette Isabelle would have long continued in the same harsh mood towards her infant daughter.

Arrived at the chateau of Pisatelli, she asked continually for her child. " Give me my infant ! Bring me to my dear friend ! " she exclaimed ; " Where is he ? Where have they buried him ?—Hah ! 'twas too true !—murdered !—I know the spot ;—I will go and seek him there !—I will go and sit upon his grave, night, noon, and morning, and sing.—I will bid the flowers grow sweetly over him ; and I will weave them into a necklace for my baby's neck !—Hah ! Where is my child ? Absent too ? What ! not one spared me ?—not one left to save and protect me, should my husband come ! I would have laid my infant at his ruthless feet, so that he must have set his foot upon its neck, and walked over its dead body, before he could have touched me. Bazancourt would have taken other means for my defence ; but here—alone ! deserted ! undone ! I shall perish of fear and agony of mind, even if I should

remain undiscovered by my husband. Oh! he is dead! Bazancourt is dead! I know it well, or he would be here ere this. Yes, I will sit there, and braid the wild flowers by his green-grass grave. I will water the violets with my raining tears, and mingle the perfume of the primrose with my sighs. Is it not well to do so? Do I not owe him all? Has he not been to me the only pleasurable thought that I have ever known in life? Have I not dreamt of him in the night time, and thought of him through the day?—And shall I now grudge to die with him? No—welcome rather, warmly welcome death; and the barred-up coffin, and the deep deep grave!—Would that I were there! There is no peace for me above ground;—I am all alone in the world.”

In vain the Principessa, with all the kindness and attention for which she was remarkable, endeavoured to appease and soothe these troublous excitations of her diseased imagination: in vain Carlo, who had not been forgotten on her departure from Fontainebleau, was now brought to her chamber to give a new direction to her tense and torturing thoughts; and yet this dumb animal, connected as the sight of him was with recollections and associations of our hero, seemed to attract her regard, and to alleviate the

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melancholy of her mind more than any other object. The whole of the days of the twelfth and thirteenth had thus been passed in a sort of frenzy of sorrow, and a real prostration of feeling, which must end, if long continued, either in death or madness. On the evening of the thirteenth,—the same evening on which Richard Bazancourt had stood a mourner by the side of his father's death-bed, Jeannette Isabelle had been induced by the beauty of the evening, and the repeated solicitations of her friend, the Principessa, to take a stroll in an adjacent copse of birch, larch, and holly, which bordered closely on the banks of the river, and extended a considerable distance in length, till it was at last intercepted by the crossing of the high road to Paris, at the further extremity. Carlo, who seemed almost to sympathize in the sorrows of his mistress, did not bound or caper as he used to do at Stonesfield formerly, but he followed closely and quietly at the heels of the two ladies, hanging his head low, and drooping his long tongue out of his dry and gaping mouth. "The garland you culled for me from the gardens of Lucullus, my sweet friend," said Jeannette Isabelle to her Italian companion, "has never proved a wreath of

joy to me. Do you remember your parting gift? It has much more resembled, alas! a crown of thorns: for, from the time when I quitted you at dear Naples to the present moment, I have been tossed on a troubled sea, and battered by continual storms. One ray of light there was, indeed, which gleamed on me from heaven, and made even existence dear to me; but it is all darkness again now—and the light is gone out, and the strings are broken, and the music is mute. I have nothing more to do, than to say to the grave, thou art my brother—and to the worm, thou art my sister.”

“Dearest Jeannette,” replied the Italian, “is this the result of all your boasted philosophy? Has no better lesson than despair been taught by all those vigils which you used to love to keep, over the folios in your father’s library at Naples? Do you remember when I was a giddy, laughing girl, and you were an ambitious, aspiring scholar, how I used to tell you that all your learning would bring you no good in the end, and that *gaieté de cœur*, which I consider as my best possession, is worth all the learning in the world to a woman?”

“I remember well, my friend,” said our he-

roine; "gaieté de cœur, however, once was mine also; and if I was more devoted to study than most gay-hearted maidens are, I prosecuted such pursuits because I found real enjoyment in them, and they possessed for me a deeper interest than any thing else. Alas! I had not then loved. Whatever I know, whatever little learning I may have collected from books or from meditation, was acquired at an early age—before the passions had broken out—before I was old enough to feel that master impulse, which absorbs and engrosses every other thought or sentiment, like Aaron's rod devouring the rest of the serpents. Since then—since that night, when you were my companion on the banks of Blenheim lake, I have given study, and even meditation, to the winds. No woman that truly loves can either read or think. Love is a perpetual occupation to her, it colours her existence, and supplies food for her secret meditations, and her profoundest reflections. Ah! my kind friend! I speak more calmly now. The softness of this evening air, the stillness of this quiet place, the sight of the river and the green trees, have soothed me a little, and I feel less wildly agitated than heretofore. If I had but my child and Bazancourt! some visions of happiness might haply

even yet hover round the evening of my days;—I say the evening of my days—for though I am but a young martyr, I feel conscious that my time here is drawing to its close. I have exhausted feeling, and drained dry the very dregs from the cup of emotion. My heart is worn out, and my mind is gray; and, although I cannot count more than two-and-twenty summers, I am literally older, and have lived more, if I may so express myself, than many people at three times my age.

‘ My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers and fruits of love are gone,
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!’ ”

“ Don’t talk so dismally,” said the little Principessa, “ take my prescription of gaieté de cœur, and I will answer for your perfect restoration to health, mental and bodily, in a very short time. It is the best universal medicine that has yet been discovered, I assure you.”

“ Don’t talk to me of medicines,” answered abruptly our heroine, “ nought can minister to a mind diseased. The illness is here,” pressing her hand to her heart; “ when the sickness falls upon so delicate a part, it is incurable.”

The Principessa left our heroine for a few mi-

minutes, to seek something in the house. The comparative calmness to which she had been restored by her evening promenade, diminished the alarm which her friend had felt for her. She left her with the promise of returning in a few minutes, and Jeannette Isabelle continued her walk along the sloping margin of the river, till she had well nigh attained to the furthest boundary of the little shady copse. The sunbeams were slanting almost horizontally; and all was so still, that the leap of a solitary fish, every now and then, from the shining surface of the *Marne*, startled the timid ear of our heroine.

Her thoughts were still with Bazancourt. His absence, and his silence, perplexed and terrified her. If he yet lived, she felt certain that he must still come; that he was, probably, even now upon his road.

Finding the high road to Paris at the end of the copse, she advanced from beneath the covert of the trees into the clear and open pathway, and seeing a carriage approaching in the distance, she allowed herself to be sufficiently led away by her confident expectation of Bazancourt's arrival, to step out into the road, and await the coming up of the carriage.

The Principessa, in the mean time, having dispatched her errand in the house, hastened her return to the coppice to renew her conversation with her friend. Arrived at the spot, she found her not. Carlo was not either to be seen. She searched in every direction, and called to her in vain. She sent messengers, and waited anxiously some explanation of her absence.

The body of poor Carlo was found dead in a ditch, and this inexplicable circumstance was the only thing discovered which could in the remotest degree throw any light upon the subject. And Carlo sleeps well to this day by the waters of the Marne, and a sum is still expended annually on a poor cottager by the Princess, in order to keep the daisies trimly cut, and the wild arums neatly shorn, which otherwise might encumber with their too luxuriant verdure the polished marble tablet, which glistens when the sun shines over him.—But we must not anticipate.

It was not till some hours after our heroine had been missing, that a boy, who had been keeping cows in a neighbouring field on the other side of the road, communicated that he had seen a travelling carriage with four horses approach; a gen-

tleman had descended from it, and with the assistance of his servants, had forced the lady into the voiture, which drove off at a rapid rate in the direction of the capital. This was all the story which the Princesa was able to communicate to our hero; and, indeed, up to the present moment, she had indulged the hope that it might have been Bazancourt who had carried her off in the carriage. Alas! no; *that* night was the same night on which our hero had seen the mysterious vision at his window.

CHAPTER XVI.

As nothing was to be gained by prolonging his stay at the château, and no time was to be lost if he meant to take any steps for the discovery of Jeannette Isabelle, our hero, as soon as he had received this melancholy information, took once more his departure for Paris. The painful news which he had just received, fell upon him with the weight of a thunderbolt. Borne down already by the affliction of his father's death, and the loss of his brother, he had sustained himself up to the present moment, by the sole hope and prospect of meeting with our heroine. Now that he found himself bereaved of this resource, and, more than this, embarrassed by the additional difficulty of discovering the path which she had taken, or the place of her retreat, he was totally overcome by his wretchedness, and the young peer spurred his horses along the

road to relieve his agony of mind by the rapidity of the motion, and the physical operation of bodily exertion. There seemed to be little doubt, that the person in the carriage, who had carried off Jeannette Isabelle, could be no other than Lord Clanelly, and the thought of this well nigh infuriated our hero to madness. It was the thought of the terrible revenge, which he still burned to inflict on that individual for his accumulated wrongs, that still supported him through this severest trial of all. He would not stoop to tears—he was of too proud a nature to bend beneath the storm—

“Rats die in holes and corners; dogs run mad;
Man hath a braver remedy for sorrow:
Revenge! the attribute of gods!”

and with this sentiment of Pierre impressed upon his heart, he proceeded on his way.

Oh! Love, so tender in thy beginnings, so terrible in thy results! can then such fierce defiance, and such blood-thirsty wishes, proceed from thy soft and gentle influence! Small, at first, and secret, like the gurgling fountain of some mighty stream, which steals quietly along, and winds its way among the matted grass, presently thou enlargest the scope of thy dominion, and hurriest on the

impetuosity of thy career, till nothing can stand before thy waves. Thy cataracts carry with them the solid rock over the stunning precipice—thy torrents whirl, and foam, and dash about, like a tempest. Thy course rolls on—and the ocean is before it—there is no end but death to thy dominion. Mighty god! Deity of noble natures! Oh! Love, how is thy worship profaned, how is thy name taken in vain, how is thy majesty blasphemed and thy glory disparaged by the frivolous offerings of little minds and narrow hearts upon thy altar! Many, indeed, are the votaries that do unto thee lip-service—many are the tribes that call upon thy name; but they to whom it is given to feel thy inmost mysteries are few. They who are privileged and chosen from the crowd to be thy high priests in thy temple are very small in number. Love is not a thing that passeth away and is soon forgotten. It abideth ever—it is eternal—it is almighty. It is a mockery and a burlesque—it is worse than profanity to hear the way in which people speak of love, who do not and cannot understand it. It is one, and simple, and undivided—it is the jealous god of a terrible and exacting religion. You must put your faith in him, and he will not desert you—you

must trust in him, and he will abide by you unto the end. Tender and gentle as the breath of the sweet south; when he is wronged and roused, he comes forth like a giant from his slumbers—like a giant refreshed with wine. The myrtle of Amathus—the Cytherean jasmine—the rose of Paphos—are twined around his brows, but he sleepeth not always in the lap of Cyprian luxury—he riseth up—he clotheth himself with strength—he putteth on his armour—and he laugheth in the face of his foes. Woe unto them that defy him. Verily they shall have their reward!

Lord Furstenroy, as we must henceforth call our hero, on arriving in Paris made every enquiry respecting Lord Clanelly which was likely to throw any light upon his movements. At his hôtel, at his club, at every possible or probable haunt of that nobleman, he instituted, in his own person, the most minute and particular investigation; but without result. He had left Paris a few days previously, immediately after the fatal duel, with post-horses, and he was expected every day to return; but, as yet, no certain information could be obtained with regard to his movements: even his late second, Mr. Fivebars, declared himself entirely ignorant on the subject.

Our hero, who had arrived again in Paris late in the night of the fourteenth, or rather early in the morning of the fifteenth, instant, passed a restless and miserable interval ; and having prosecuted his search the ensuing day in the forenoon, till a late hour, without success, as he passed quickly down the Rue Vivienne, turned into Roussel's fencing-rooms, partly from the hope of meeting some one there who might give him the information which he sought, and partly to relieve, by violent bodily exertion, that restlessness of mind, which is the most torturing misery to which human nature can be subjected. He was unwilling to expose himself publicly anywhere during the peculiarly delicate position in which he was placed by the recent event of his father's death ; but his mind was in that excited condition, that he scarcely reflected on what he did. To obtain a moment's respite from the agony he endured, was the first wish present to his mind ; and he entered the room, took down his foil from the stand, put on a mask, and without changing his dress, stood ready to face his antagonist—one of the pupils of the school—in a few seconds. It may be that on entering here, he even secretly wished in his heart for this opportunity of trying his skill in

arms, preparatorily to the deadly contest in which he felt certain that he should now shortly be engaged. Be this as it may, this was certainly not the uppermost thought in his mind. . We are sometimes actuated by motives so exceedingly fine and secret in their operation, that we do not confess them to ourselves, nor are we ourselves even aware of their influence on our own actions. The human mind plays the hypocrite in some cases to itself. Lord Furstenroy's immediate object was to divert his mind by the violent exercise; at least, he really believed this to be his only reason. To take anything like an advantage of an adversary even by previous practice, was not a line of acting likely to be adopted by our hero. There were the voices of Englishmen conversing in the small dressing room in the corner adjoining the Salle d'Armes, and Lord Furstenroy could plainly distinguish the brogue of Fitz-Waterton among them; the other voices were unknown to him; but it was not difficult to tell the tones of the Irishman in the crowd.

"Upon my honour and credit," said the Kilkenny cat, "'tis terribly warm work this summer weather; it pulls me down to a walking shadow. I shall be able to perform in the living skeleton soon. I'm

becoming the mere anatomy of a man from sheer hard work,—as I told my dear little Barbara the other day, speaking of her sister, ‘why you’re thin, and she’s thin, but upon my honour and credit, I’m thinner than both of you put together.’ ”

The by-standers laughed at the Hibernian’s bull, and an old East Indian, taking up his parable, continued the conversation. “Oh! it’s nothing this at all; if you had been out hunting with me in the jungles in India you would all have been melted away like butter. I never shall forget that day, when we went wild elephant-hunting, and bagged no less than fifteen of those monstrous animals.”

“*Bagged* fifteen elephants,” interrupted Fitz-Waterton; “capital!—and I suppose you had a retriever of proportionable size to bring them to you in his mouth.”

“Like Lord Clanelly’s bull-dog and the old woman,” remarked a third voice behind the scenes.

“I only wish Lord Clanelly was here, that we might have the pleasure of seeing him fence,” said Fitz-Waterton: “Roussel himself can’t touch him, and says, moreover, that he is, without exception, the best swordsman he ever saw in his life.”

Our hero’s ear listened attentively. He wished

to go, in order to escape observation, but the turn which the conversation had taken was far too interesting to him, upon private grounds, to admit of his departure.

"And I should think," remarked the East Indian, "that his lordship would be a good man in the field; he has so much tact and coolness about him, that I wouldn't give sixpence for the life of any man who had to stand up against him,—he'd spit him through the middle like a lark in a minute, 'and clench his rapier on the other side,' as Lee says in one of his plays."

Our hero began to look grave and thoughtful.

"But he's quite as good with a pistol as he is with the foils," continued the Kilkenny cat; "I've seen him hit nine eggs out of ten at twelve paces, and snuff a candle with the greatest nicety. Indeed, he has lately given very good proof of his talents in that line. Poor Lord Fletcher had a short life and a merry one."

Our hero looked again grave and abstracted; he thought of his brother, and of his father, and of his Isabelle, and of his own approaching trial of skill with Clanelly, and of the uncertainty and brevity of human life.

"Where is Lord Clanelly to be found generally?" inquired the nabob.

"I should think the most likely place would be the Combat des Animaux," answered Fitz-Water-ton; and our hero smiled bitterly as he heard the reply. He had hoped to have found, even thus, some clue to the movements of his enemy; but as nothing seemed likely to transpire on that head, and he was anxious to leave the salle before the party in the side-room should have discovered him, he hastened to quit the apartment, and made the best of his way over to Montmorency, in order to pay those necessary attentions to his family which he had even now too long neglected.

It was, however, late in the evening before he could dispatch his more pressing affairs, so as to be able to set off on his journey homeward. The moon was risen, but not sufficiently high to be always visible over the trees, and the shadows which were flung by her pale light over the white road were long and spectral. As soon as he had advanced sufficiently far to be quite free of the town, Mahmoud was put into a sharp trot, and they had soon proceeded as far as that part of the road where a thick cluster of elms and mountain-ashes over-

canopy the path, forming the extreme skirt of an ancient forest, which used to extend far and wide on the right hand side. There is a long turfy avenue between the trees, and there are also the picturesque remains of an old fountain, now clustered round with shrubs and wild flowers, which peer out between the silvery trunks of two tall birches, thus forming rather a conspicuous object at a short distance down the avenue.

Mahmoud was proceeding at a rapid pace, and the hard road rung with the echoes of his hollow hoofs. Suddenly he stopped short, so as nearly to throw his rider over his head ; and notwithstanding all the efforts made to urge him to proceed, he stood still, throwing himself back on his haunches, his fore-feet out, his nostril distended, and snorting loudly as if with terror and dismay. He shook all over, and his sides were covered with a dense sweat. Our hero turned his eyes towards the avenue on his right, and there, standing in front of the fountain, so as plainly to disclose the outline of her figure between the contiguous trunks of the birch-trees, he perceived the same strange vision which had so awed him on the previous occasion, at his chamber-window at Montmorency. There were the

same well-known lineaments, but still most ghastly pale, and phantom-like. There was the same expression of unutterable woe—the same look of tacit reproach and complaining endurance—the very incarnation of the spirit of patient suffering and melancholy resignation. The mysterious form was attired in a deep black garment, which appeared torn, and tattered, and bespattered with mire—the hair was dishevelled, as if blown by the wind—and the bare feet were bleeding, as if from long wandering naked on the flints. The figure stood motionless, and did not seem to change its gesture as on the previous occasion, by pointing to the moon; but the forefinger of the right hand, which hung in a straight line from the shoulder, was pointed fixedly to the earth. Might it be that she would say, “There is my home and my shelter, my grave and my abiding-place?”

What might these things mean? Our hero remained also motionless. The figure spoke not, and he was silent too. He seemed over-awed and weighed down by the presence of the figure—he could not move from his saddle—the spell was on him—he was fascinated by some irresistible and preternatural power;—but it was a mystery. He

remained gazing on the figure he knew not how long—the spell was broken by Mahmoud proceeding of his own accord, and unbidden on his journey.

Immediately that Mahmoud moved, our hero pulled his bridle and recalled his steps to the spot where he had just stood, but the animal showed no longer any signs of fear—the phantom was no more visible. He rode up to the fountain—there was no one. Mahmoud paced quietly and tractably the whole space around it. Our hero examined the trees, and the fountain, but there was nothing in their form or appearance which could have resembled that of a human being ; and how could he be mistaken in his Isabelle ? He proceeded on his way in a deep and profound melancholy.

CHAPTER XVII.

IT was some days after the above ride of our hero from Paris to Montmorency, that a great dinner party happened to be given by our friend Mr. Earthstopper Brush Fivebars, to a number of Englishmen, at the Rocher de Cancale. Bob Tracy, who had managed not yet to get into St. Pelagie, was, of course, one of the principal features of the company, and a number of his old Oxford friends, whom he had chanced to pick up about Paris, were added to the party; Grainger also was there, but not Mullingham; and Fivebars, who since the duel had established an especial intimacy with his principal on that occasion, had been so successful as to prevail on Lord Clanelly, notwithstanding his general dislike of society, and his special reasons at the present moment against it, to be one of the guests.

No legal process had been resorted to against

him in consequence of the fatal duel ; for, at the time we write of, such affairs were rather encouraged, than otherwise, by the authorities. "Ce ne sont que de mauvais sujets qui se battent," was one of the cunning maxims of Louis Philippe, and he thought it much better that the wild spirits of the capital should shoot each other in single combat, than that their pistols should be directed either against himself or his government.

At table, on the present occasion, the excellency of Parisian cooks, and the importance and dignity of the culinary art in general, were dilated on with his usual eloquence and enthusiasm, by George Grainger.

"I forget which of the kings of France it was," said he, "but I believe Henri Quatre, who being engaged in his wars on the eastern frontier of his dominions, and at the point furthest possible removed from the sea, suddenly took it into his head that he would have a turbot for dinner. The nearest fish-market was miles and miles away. There was a notice given of only two or three hours :—what was to be done ? A cook of any other nation in the world would have given up the point in despair ; in which case I think the king would have been justified in ordering him for immediate execution, without benefit

of clergy; but the great man who had the superintendence of the great monarch's kitchen, was like his master, not easily to be baffled by circumstance; he recollected that he had an old pair of leather breeches somewhere, packed up in his baggage, and these he determined to convert into a fish. The conception was bold. To present his old leather breeches to be eaten at the monarch's table, was a dangerous experiment: if detected, he knew not how great might be the punishment he should suffer for such an insult. He exerted his utmost art upon the dish, and the odds and ends of the buckskin he made into lobster sauce. The king was delighted; the courtiers all approved; and the cook did not communicate the secret, till he found himself upon his death-bed."

"The style of cooking is rather different here from what it used to be at Christchurch," cried an old Oxonian to Bob Tracy. "Do you remember sending for the manciple there one day, when you wanted something extraordinarily *recherché* for dinner. 'What can we have at the top of the table, manciple?' was your question. 'Nothing, sir, can be simpler or nicer than a leg of mutton,' was the reply. 'Very well, that will do,' was the resigned and philosophic answer. 'And what will you give us for the bot-

tom?' 'Oh, sir,' replied the manciple, 'nothing can be nicer or simpler than a leg of mutton for the bottom?' "

"It is very remarkable," said Tracy, "that at the universities, notwithstanding their vast opportunities, from the leisure supplied by their rich endowments for the study of this noble science; notwithstanding also their universal employment of dog-cooks in their kitchens, quantity is still preferred to quality in the arrangement of their dinners, and in the composition of their dishes. The last new discovery made there, with which I am acquainted, was a sort of patent elastic India-rubber waistband for the dons' breeches, invented by a professor, and dedicated to the universities."

"If the professor turns seriously his attention in that direction," continued Grainger, "he might not only revive and increase illimitably the perhaps somewhat declining reputation of our English universities, but would confer incalculable benefits on the whole human race, and the advancement of universal science. Cooking has too long been looked down on and despised as a subject unworthy of the wise man's attention. Incalculable harm was done to the cause by weak-minded men, who, in the rude and dark

ages, managed to excite the wonder of the people by their anchorite habits, and pretended that it was a virtue to live upon

‘A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring.’

This, however, hand-in-hand with the sister sciences, is now making rapid strides towards perfection ; the revival of learning has brought with it the art of steaming potatoes, and the discovery of the steam-engine—an Ude and a Watt—a Burgess’s sauce and an Arkwright’s improvements in machinery. Man has been defined by Dr. Johnson to be a cooking animal : it is the great distinguishing feature which separates him from the brutes. The lion and the bear live like the hermit, in the wild, on the raw material of nature ; but man—man endued with the reasoning faculty, and capable of syllogizing and generalizing ; man employs that mighty instrument of fire in the preparation of his food. All other arts and sciences may be proved to be inferior and subservient to this. —The chemist experimentalizes in his laboratory ; charges his retorts and his batteries ; commingles his fluids and his essences ;—but this is only one branch of a cook’s education. He must know how to mix,

combine, and separate; in short, the analytic and synthetic arrangements and disarrangements of syrups, sauces and savours, acids and alkalis; but he is not a perfect cook, although he may be a good chemist. The education of the physician and the surgeon is equally necessary for him;—of the surgeon, in order that he may perfectly understand, in all its branches, the anatomy of the several animals with which he has to deal—the turtle, the fish, the fowl, the quadruped, and their several habits of life. A knowledge of botany will not be entirely unconnected with this; and the whole province of zoology, in order to know how best animals may be fattened, and brought most easily into a fit state for an alderman's table: but more especially is the education of the physician necessary, because I do firmly believe, and sincerely hope, that in a short time, physicians may be entirely superseded by cooks, and that we shall be enabled to take our physic in a more agreeable form than heretofore—that is to say, in the shape of food instead of medicine. We have only to increase and impart more universally our knowledge of what is wholesome and what is deleterious, and of the different effects which different viands produce on different stomachs and constitutions, in order to make cookery

a regular science of dietetics. The step between Abernethy and Mrs. Rundell, was not so wide as has been supposed. We shall have only to change a little the names of things, and accustom people's ears to consider the subjects of M.D. and dog-cook in conjunction ; to label our port wine as the Portuguese soothing syrup, and our bottles of physic as fine old crusted senna."

"Very *puttily* put," exclaimed Bob Tracy, who had succeeded to-day in getting quite drunk before the fish was taken off the table. "I will take a glass of wine with you with the most sociable animosity and most hostile sociability, as Mr. Snuffles would say. Gentlemen, I propose to you the health of Mr. George Grainger, the original American sand-piper, the revival of the impenitent thief on the cross ; the revolutionary bagsman ; the intellectual dust-man ; the conservative catamaran ; the unadulterated turnspit, &c. &c. &c."

"Hold your tongue, Tracy," cried Fivebars ;—"what nonsense you are talking ! can't you give us a song instead ?"—and the cloth being now removed, and the wine having circulated for a considerable time, Tracy, although moderately intoxicated, contrived to get through the following imitation of a song of Tom Moore :

" Those Paris hells, those Paris hells,
How many a tale my pocket tells,
Of rouge et noir, and that sweet time,
When first I heard the dice-box chime !

" Those joyous hours are passed away !
And many a heart that then was gay,
In the King's Bench now darkly dwells,
And haunts no more those Paris hells !

" And so 'twill be, when I am gone—
Those cards and dice shall still play on—
And fortunes, lost by other swells,
Shall fill your banks, sweet Paris hells !"

" Gentlemen," said George Grainger, rising as soon as the applause occasioned by this song, and the chorus of " Landlord, fill the bowl !" after it had subsided—" Gentlemen, there were three sects of philosophers of old, who principally merit notice on the page of history :—these were, first, the Stoics, gentlemen, who went to bed sober ; secondly, the Epicureans, who indulged in the more sensible habit of going to bed mellow ; and, thirdly, another class, who may be supposed to have been so fond of drinking, that they literally lived in a tub, and were called Cynics, from their partiality to dogs and dog-fighting. Gentlemen, I shall be allowed, I hope, to conclude these remarks, by proposing to you the

health of Lord Clanelly, who, from his fondness for the juice of the tub, and his affection for his dogs, may be justly styled the first Cynic of the age."

Lord Clanelly rose to return thanks; and, in conclusion, said, that as he believed Mr. Robert Tracy was not specially licensed "to be drunk on the premises," and as the child's call, if he might so express himself—for he was but an infant in these sort of things—remained with him, he thought he ought not to be backward in coming forward on the present occasion: as he had the misfortune of being more than six feet high, he did not wish to be any longer on his legs; and therefore would sit down, with a request that he might be allowed to take the liberty of calling on Mr. Tracy for another song.

"One of your old Oxford ones," exclaimed a member of the company; and Bob began as follows:

"At Oxford a freshman so modest,
I enter'd one morning in March:
The figure I cut was the oddest—
All purity, cravat, and starch.

"From the box of the Royal Defiance,
Jack Adams, who coaches so well,
Set me down in this region of science,
In front of the Mitre Hôtel.

" Sure never men's prospects were brighter,
Said I, as I jump'd from my perch :
So quickly arrived at the Mitre,
I'm sure to get on in the church.

" I look'd on the head of my college
As equal at least to a god :
I deem'd him Colossus of knowledge,
And fear'd his oracular nod.

" I breakfasted twice with my tutor,
On stale bread-and-butter and tea ;
And felt myself proud as a suitor,
Enthroned on his mistress's knee.

" To wake me for six o'clock chapel,
A larum was placed by my bed ;
With logic I ventured to grapple,
And talk'd of what Paley had said.

" But soon, in my habits of thinking,
A great revolution had place :
I took to the science of drinking,
And made my new study, the chase.

" I voted it slow to be booky,
And sold off my library shelves :
I sat up all night at blind-hookey,
And swore at the proctors themselves.

" I made against study a vow, sir,
And strove to forget what I'd read ;
And champagne was the only thing now, sir,
That ever got into my head.

" To Woodstock, a dear little glover
Attracted the course of my rides ;
And, if she liked me for her lover,
I loved her—and fifty besides.

" I rode steeple-chases at random,
And sported my oak to the bums ;
Set up a pea-jacket and tandem,
And flash'd my top-boots in the slums.

" I tore up my Virgil and Livy,
To light my cigars with the strips ;
And bugled the tune of tantivy
All day, till it blister'd my lips.

" At last, when my tutor so clever,
To punish such wickedness swore,
That night I got drunker than ever,
And sung the black-joke at his door.

" Next day, for this act of derision,
A common-room council was held—
My friends had a long imposition,
And I was most briefly expell'd.

" Then adieu to each tutor and proctor :
Their books are as hard as their hearts—
I never was meant for a Doctor,
Nor born to be Master of Arts.

" Far off from such horrible people,
Regardless, I go on my way ;—
Good-bye to the church and the steeple !—
—What will my old governor say ?"—

It was just after this song had been concluded that a dispute arose between Lord Clanelly and Mr. Fivebars, relative to a thorough-bred mare in Lord Clanelly's possession, and the distance of Fontainebleau from Paris. Fivebars offered to bet large odds that Clanelly did not trot her over there in four hours; and it was agreed that the match should come off the following day. Fivebars offered freely the odds at five to two against the mare; and, as the evening was now far advanced, and Lord Clanelly was anxious to retire early to rest, in order to be in good condition for his wager the following day, he presently quitted the party, which, indeed, had already begun to assume rather too boisterous and juvenile a turn even for his lordship's taste. Hot punch was now brought in; and as the jugs went round, and the anchovy toast went down, the conversation and the songs degenerated alike into scraps and fragments.

"Mop up your liquors," cried Tracy.

"Floor your lush," repeated another.—Here George Grainger left the room.

"All round my hat," cried a third.

"It's all very fine, but it won't do here to-night," said a fourth.—Tracy began drawing men and women

on the table, with his forefinger, dipping it in some gin and water, which Fivebars had spilt on the table.

“ Here’s a health to the governor, who never refuses
To send us the tin, whenever we chooses ! ”—

sang one :

“ Here’s a health to the blacksmith, the prince of good fellows,
Who works at his anvil, while his wife blows the bellows ! ”—

responded another, in a totally different key.

“ Hip, hip, hip—hurrah ! ” cried Fivebars, rising from his seat—even he had had enough ;—and they all staggered home, supporting themselves upon each other’s arms, and singing

“ Since now we are a courageous band ! ”

in full chorus, all down the Boulevards.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It was the following morning early that our hero, in walking down the Boulevard des Italiens, in Paris, fancied he caught, from the mouth of a passenger, something like the name of Lord Clanelly repeated, in conjunction with that of Fontainebleau. Devoted as he was to the one sole object of discovering that individual's motions, he could not resist the strong inclination he felt to enquire of the stranger whether he could give any information on the subject. Approaching, therefore, the man, and touching his arm with his finger, he apologized for the liberty he was taking, and enquired if he had not heard him say that Lord Clanelly was gone to Fontainebleau? "Just started, sir, an hour ago," answered the man, with an indifference which contrasted well with the impetuosity of our hero; "and I'll bet you a pretty penny that the mare does it 'asy."

The latter part of the sentence was unmarked by our hero, who only waited for the categorical answer to his question, and set off immediately to procure post-horses, in order to follow his enemy to Fontainebleau. In his mind Fontainebleau was only regarded as the receptacle which contained the child of his Jeannette Isabelle. Hearing that Clanelly was gone thither, he naturally feared that his journey was somehow connected with the child; and as he had repeatedly promised our heroine that he would never, if possible, allow that infant to fall into the hands of its father, and particularly as he now clung to it as a part and remnant of his lost Isabelle with a double fondness, he resolved to exert every sinew to prevent Lord Clanelly's supposed object from being attained. With three horses attached to his light and empty britska, our hero was not long upon the road: he arrived within a very short space of time after Lord Clanelly himself, at his destination; and alighted in trembling anxiety, at the door of the good old lady's chateau. The entrance was opened for him speedily by Victoire; but Victoire's eyes were red with weeping, and at the sight of our hero she burst again into a fresh paroxysm of tears.

"L'enfant ! l'enfant ! où est il donc ?" exclaimed our hero, rushing into the house, and scarcely waiting for a reply. He had already traversed several of the rooms, and found them all vacant, before he had recovered sufficiently the use of his reason, to reflect that he had better make some enquiries of Victoire.

It was too true that the house was empty. The child was gone—the old lady herself, even, had disappeared; of all this Victoire could give no explanation; she could only state the simple fact, that the old lady of the house had that morning taken out the infant, Florence, for a stroll; that she had been seen to proceed to the principal hôtel in the town; that she had there engaged a chaise de poste and a pair of horses, and had suddenly left Fontainebleau without giving any account to the bewildered Victoire, either of her motives or her destination. There was not even a line or a message left for our hero, in case he should arrive, nor the least clue to the route which she had intended to take.

Our hero felt half inclined to accuse the old lady of treachery. He began to think that she had betrayed him, and allowed herself to be made

the tool of Clanelly for the carrying off of the infant; but this was so contrary to the whole tenour of that kind individual's conduct, that he admitted such a conclusion very reluctantly. It seemed not impossible, too, that her motives might have been exactly the reverse, and that she might have taken away the child, purposely to avoid Lord Clanelly: that, in short, she might have, like our hero, casually heard of Lord Clanelly's approach, and connecting it somehow with the infant which she held in her charge, determined to convey it away, and out of reach, to avoid the risk of his discovering it. In this case, also, discretion would naturally have dictated to her the inexpediency of communicating her motions or her destination to Victoire, from whom it might be possible that the information might be subsequently extorted by Clanelly himself. This was certainly the most likely, as well as the most charitable construction which could be put upon the course taken by the old lady; but whatever might have been her motive, the result of our hero's journey was by no means satisfactory to him. He was still left in uncertainty, even in greater uncertainty than before. The very presence of Victoire, her well-known face,

and her familiar voice, secured comfort to him. He clung to her syllables and her surmises with a fond but disconsolate sort of credulity, loving to hear the accents of hope, even while filled with the bitterness of despair. As, however, no time was to be lost, and he found, moreover, on enquiring in the town, that Lord Clanelly had again left the hôtel, en voiture, to return to Paris, our hero could not linger here.

He felt that now the grand climacteric of his fate was approaching:—something within whispered to him that the web of destiny, which was being wove around him, was nearly ended. Now or never he was to settle the grand question, which had become to him the mainspring of all his actions, whether he or Lord Clanelly were to continue as denizens of this earth.

He had wrought up his imagination to such a pitch of excitement, that he had long since determined the impossibility of their both living together in the world. Lord Clanelly was his evil genius—his vampire—his curse which crossed him in his path—a very blight and mildew upon his best hopes and brightest enjoyments; and yet he felt a presentiment, that even should he succeed in bringing

his enemy into the field, and should the result of the conflict be fortunate to himself, his happiness, nevertheless, was over, and his heart dry for the rest of his days. Never again could he renew those fresh and joyous beatings of the young bosom, which impart to existence a novel charm, to nature a two-fold grace, to love, above all, such a witchery and such a spell, that earth seems heaven, and mortals like the gods! On him no more might fall that pure celestial dew which steals over, and soothes, and softens the sad spirit, till melancholy melts into love! that boon of youth! that pride and glory of man's early days! that delicious dream, which invests all things with beauty, and light, and melody! that delirium of the glad brain, which paints a smile upon the cheek of every object, and flings a lustre and a sun-beam over the gloom of life. No more upon his ear must the accents of woman's adoration fall like the rain-beads on the flowers, cheering him with their playful gladness, filling his breast with thankfulness and his lips with praise! No, no!—the incense was burnt out upon the shrine—the cup of dalliance was drained to the very bottom—the excitement was past—the vision vanished—nought remained but the stern truths and

hard realities of life! Gone were those glorious tints of Fancy's pencilling, which hung with roseate splendour round the dull horizon of the future, which enamelled with their glowing hues the path of life, making it like a meadow in a morn of May! Past were those hours of dreamy indolence and voluptuous repose, when he could pillow himself upon a sunny bank and sigh; or bound with all the elastic energy of confident hope to that threshold, where his guerdon would be blessings, and his welcome kisses. In the hush of evening was now no sweetness to him, as once, when his thoughts all hived and garnered in those twilight meetings, he nightly hasted to the trysting-place, and left it still panting only for the following night! One curl of his Isabelle's tresses had been dearer to him far than all his millions to the miser. Oh! how he had feasted and hung upon her neck! how he had loved to bury himself beneath the long, shadowy, fragrant meshes of her hair! how he had clung to her honied lip, like the bee upon the rose, and girdled her with his arm till they had seemed to grow together like the marriage of the vine! how he had mingled the fingers of her frail soft hand with his own, and drunk the ambrosial perfumes which hovered and

floated round her footsteps ever, scattering an atmosphere of odours o'er her, as in the train of Beauty's queen. Farewell, now, Idalian pomps!—farewell, joy's gorgeous imagery!—farewell, hope and love!—for ever farewell!

But once in man's whole long life can the bud blossom, and the spring flourish; and if the blight descend then upon the tree, the heat of summer scorches and dries up its sapless branches, and the dull damp autumn withers it away, and by winter it is well fitted for the axe, and to be cast into the fire.

What a mystery is man! How strange that with such vast capacities for enjoyment, with such a longing after happiness, with such a power of appreciating its attainment, he should still be doomed to misery! One flash from the clouds—one revelation from heaven—bursts on us in the mornings of our lives to show us what love is, and then it is all dark again—no more love—no more light unto our graves! Ah! little can the cold dry philosophy of reason and the hard maxims of experience compensate for the loss of those instinctive emotions, those pure and natural illusions of our youth, which love generates, illumines, and refines. How many

a man who has attained, at a painful cost, to what is called a knowledge of the world, would give the treasures of Peru to be a doting fool again!

Our hero, as he rolled rapidly along in his britska on the road to Paris, in pursuit either of Clanelly or the old lady, and determined to stop whichever he might come up with first, mused and meditated on these things till his brain reeled. Strange thoughts rush over men's minds in moments like the present. All the knowledge, and feeling, and experience of our whole lives seems presented to us in a narrow compass, and to flash before our memories, as if mirrored in a glass. Life and death—time and eternity—the first cause—the end of actions—the nature of the soul—man's immortality—all these things were imaged at once before him. "What am I? to what end am I born? whither am I borne along upon the stream of Fate?" all these questions he asked himself, and he could not answer them.

The Pythagorean unity and the Heraclitan fire—the primitive intelligence of Anaxagoras—the affinity and discord of Empedocles—the atoms of Epicurus

—the bipart and pre-existent soul which was evoked by Plato—all, all glided over the surface of his imagination in vague, dim, and indistinct characters.

“I am a Christian,” repeated he to himself; “why then do I long for this man’s blood? I am very desperately wicked; I believe that I am very weak; but I cannot help it,—I am borne along irresistibly by the force of my destiny. I feel that I am intended to be the slayer of Clanelly. I am entirely miserable. This action will not make me happier, but rather more wretched than before; yet I know that he must fall. I could then shut myself up for the rest of my days afar off from the rest of the world—a lone man and an outcast; if it be so written, be it so! I will atone by suffering and penance, if it be possible, for my crime; and I will mourn over my love. Oh! my Isabelle! where art thou? what is thy fate? where is to be the end of our calamities?”

As he went on his way, the spirit of our hero waxed dark within him; he felt so utterly wretched that he could not bear the sounds of mirth or gaiety. The ploughman’s whistle fell in discord on his ear;

the beauty even of the landscape, and the verdure of the foliage, seemed to rise up to upbraid, and reproach, and mock at him ; and he cursed the birds that carolled in the hedgerows for being so happy.

CHAPTER XIX.

MEANWHILE, we should be but ill performing the duty of faithful historians, if we neglected to describe the course of events, which had occurred during this time, to the other principal character in the approaching struggle.

Lord Clanelly, whose incredible légèreté of character prevented him from looking on anything in a serious light, and who was enabled by it to mix up the thought of his own sensual gratifications and enjoyments, even with affairs of the greatest weight and importance, immediately after the fatal duel with the late Lord Fletcher, had set off in his carriage, as if nothing had happened, with the intention of laying in a large stock of Champagne wine, from the cellars of Epernay. Having inspected those vast subterraneous excavations, and made a large purchase, at a cheap rate, of some of

the best vintages, he set off with Tartar, now his solitary companion since the death of poor Griffin, to return to Paris. His road led through Meaux, and wound along the end of the copse, which we have above described as surrounding the château of Pisatelli, on the banks of the Marne. He was proceeding carelessly along, and at a rapid pace, when his attention was arrested by what was never to him an unwelcome sight, the view of a solitary woman, accompanied only by a large dog, and dressed in a plain white costume, without any bonnet, but with loose floating masses of dark hair. The sunset was already past, but he could not be mistaken, he stopped the carriage, and before he had time even to descend, he recognized the features of his long-sought wife in the person who was advancing to meet him.

Meanwhile, Jeannette Isabelle, who had hurried towards the carriage, firmly persuaded that it could contain no other than our hero, whom she was so anxiously expecting, and whose arrival she had so much right to expect, as soon as she perceived it stop, and was enabled to identify the face of the dreaded individual who issued from it, uttered one sharp wild shriek, and fell perfectly insensible into the arms of

her husband, who had now dismounted and was endeavouring to force her into the carriage. Owing to her senseless condition he might soon have accomplished this with the assistance of his servants, had not Carlo, the faithful Carlo, rushed forward to defend his mistress, and sprang at Lord Clanelly as he attempted to lift her from the ground; but luckily for his lordship, Tartar was at hand to defend him; before the Newfoundland could make good his hold, Tartar was at his side. He darted from his seat in the carriage, and grappled with enormous force the throat of the other dog, whom Lord Clanelly could now no longer doubt to be Carlo. It seemed as if the animosity which existed between the individuals whom they severally accompanied, had communicated itself to these two furious, but faithful, animals, for they fought for life and death with the most bloody and terrible savageness. Size was considerably on the side of Carlo; but the bull-breed of the other gained in strength, compactness, and courage, what it lost in size and weight. Each had in a few moments grappled a firm hold on his antagonist, and as they rolled over and over in the dust struggling for the upperhand, only a subdued and savage growl was from time to time audible from between their clenched teeth.

Meanwhile, Jeannette Isabelle, still utterly insensible to the scene that was passing around her, had been deposited safely on the seat by Lord Clanelly's side, and he was now delighted to have the opportunity of watching the conflict which was taking place between the two dogs. Still supporting his fainting wife with his left arm, he kept motioning to and encouraging the bull-dog with his right: "Now, Tartar—go it, old fellow—shake him now—loo, loo, loo:" but Tartar did not require much backing; he had held poor Carlo ever since the beginning of the uneven contest tight by the throat, and notwithstanding all the efforts of the latter, he was unable to disengage himself. At last, Carlo letting go, through sheer exhaustion, of the hold he had taken on Tartar's side, just under the shoulder, Tartar was enabled to shake his antagonist violently; which he continued to do with such force, that his breath, at last, was fairly driven out of his body. The gigantic Carlo, at length, fell breathless on his side; he turned once his bloodshot eyes upwards in the direction of his mistress, and rolled over dead into a ditch.

Every method was in the meantime resorted to, in order to restore to animation our heroine; but

the carriage was put in motion, and had proceeded far on its way, long before any symptoms seemed to indicate the least return to sensibility. The feelings of Lord Clanelly, as he sat by the side of his inanimate wife, and gazed on those beautiful features, which on him must never smile, we will not attempt to describe or analyze. They probably were not so deep as might be imagined; for, as soon as the carriage stopped at the small place called Claves, which is the next changing place, he descended from the voiture for the purpose of lighting a cigar. The two servants were also temporarily absent from the carriage, having gone into the stable for the purpose of accelerating the bringing out of the fresh horses. Our heroine awoke from her fainting fit—she suddenly remembered the situation in which she found herself—the dark mantle of night had by this time descended on the earth—with great presence of mind, and quickness of execution, she dismounted from the carriage, on the side opposite to the one which faced the hôtel, and running to the ready covert of some thick trees on the other side of the road, she was presently sufficiently hidden from observation to have little further dread of discovery. Torches were brought from the

house, and search was made in every direction, as soon as her loss was discovered ; but Jeannette Isabelle, having considerable head of her pursuers, and taking the route by which it appeared to her the least likely that they would follow, succeeded in escaping detection. In a short time she had traversed the whole of the thick covert of trees which overhung the road, crossed several fields, and stealing along under their hedges, was presently beyond all chance of being retaken. At length, when the pursuit had been abandoned, when all was again silence around her, and she recovered sufficient calmness and self-possession to review her own position, Jeannette Isabelle felt horror-struck and terrified. She knew not where she was—whither they would have conducted her. She feared to look for refuge in the neighbouring hôtel, as directions would probably have been left there to detain her, if she reappeared. The rush of desperation and frantic fear came over her like a flood again—and she fled—on, on, on—away from the voices or the eyes of men—she knew not whither—she knew not by what preternatural energy she was enabled to pass over such a space of ground so quickly, and with so little perceptible fatigue. Is it that some-

thing like madness lent this strength to her frail sinews? Her flight was long—for she knew not whither she fled.

But we must return to Lord Clanelly, who after lighting his cigar and returning to the carriage, was in a furious rage at finding that his neglect had suffered our heroine once more to escape him. The first thing he did was to vent his fury on his servants, one of whom he struck, and both of whom he abused with the most ungovernable violence. After the search had been prosecuted in vain, and he found himself obliged to proceed once more without his wife, he became, however, more resigned to the loss. So callous had even his most excitable feelings become, by the mere habit of long sensual indulgencies, and general egotism, that he could not now feel deeply on any point for a long time continuously. By the time the carriage had advanced a couple of miles, he became sufficiently composed and resigned to his situation to light another cigar; and this may be, perhaps, termed by some people, philosophy—if so, it is not ours.

After this description of the apathy which he displayed, even at the moment when the prize he had been seeking so long had just slipped out of his

hands, we shall no longer feel much astonishment at finding him within so very short a time afterwards dining at Mr. Fivebars' convivial party, and engaging in a wager to ride a distance in a given time. We have already stated that he won his match, and have mentioned his departure again from Fontainebleau, on his return to Paris. It had so happened that he set off on his return from that place just at the time that our hero had entered the old lady's château, and was in conversation with the maid. This will therefore account for the circumstance of the two noblemen not having met each other on the road.

We have now brought up our story evenly to the period when Lord Clanelly, arriving at the second post-house from Fontainebleau, on the road to Paris, stopped for a few minutes to take some refreshment, or perhaps for his usual purpose of getting a light for a cigar. The old lady and the child Florence were far in advance of him on the same route, and probably by this time had already reached Paris. The britska of our hero, on the other hand, was following close behind, and this short delay in changing horses at the post-house of Ponthierry, enabled the well-paid postillions of the latter to come up with Clanelly's carriage in that spot. With Lord Cla-

nelly, in his carriage, were Fivebars, Tracy, and Fitz-Waterton, who were loudly discussing the whole way home the merits of the little mare which had won Clanelly's wager, and rejoicing or lamenting over the winning or loss of their bets.

It may be as well, before describing the interview which is about to take place, to remind the reader that Lord Clanelly, however great his personal antipathy to our hero might be, had never become acquainted in the slightest degree with the connection which had existed between that individual and his wife : it was impossible, indeed, that he or any other person should know it, as so much secrecy had attended their retreat at Stonesfield, and in every other place in which they had been seen together, there had been no one present who was familiar with the persons of both of them. Another circumstance to be borne in mind by the reader is, that Lord Clanelly was entirely ignorant even of the existence of his child, for it had been born several months after his wife had left him; and we have seen that, at the time of her escape, no one was acquainted with the fact even of its being expected.

As his carriage now drew up in front of the village auberge, immediately behind that of Lord Clanelly,

our hero sprang from his seat, and advancing towards that nobleman with a firm step and an assured carriage, addressed him as follows, in the presence and hearing of his three companions :

“ Lord Clanelly, I have found you at last, and I am glad of it. I have looked for you long in vain ;—this is the first time, my Lord, that we have met since by your insulting and disgraceful conduct to a near and dear relation of mine, you first merited my deep scorn and utter contempt. Yes, I now tell you to your face, my Lord, that I do view you with the deepest scorn and the most utter contempt. Since then you have become still more an object of abhorrence to me, by being the means by which my brother, Lord Fletcher, was hurried out of the world ; but, my Lord, you have not been content with this ; you have dared to speak ill of my brother since his death, and it is for this that I now demand instant satisfaction at your hands. It is not necessary to go far ;—I am ready ;—the nearest field and the shortest distance. Are you prepared ? ”

Lord Clanelly and his companions, whose train of ideas had been upon subjects so totally different, and who still retained their betting-books in their hands, were at first disposed to look upon our hero as an

apparition or a madman ; but there was an earnestness and intensity in our hero's address, which was not to be mistaken.

Lord Clanelly drew himself up to his full height with an air of dignified hauteur and indignant pride. He was about to reply, when Fitz-Waterton, who loved to be foremost when there was anything like fighting going on, stepped in exclaiming—

“ On my honour and credit, here's a pretty proposal, truly ! Do you think that Lord Clanelly is to fight you at a minute's notice, without knowing who are to be his seconds, where he is to get his arms, or anything else about it ? ”

“ I am ready to do so,” was the only expression which fell from Lord Clanelly's lips.

Here Fivebars interfered pacifically, remarking that he as yet saw no cause of quarrel ; that the grievances of which our hero complained were some of them of too old a date to be now revived, and others of too slight a nature to be made the cause of a duel which might end in bloodshed.

“ And it *shall* end in bloodshed ! ” muttered our hero. “ No cause of serious quarrel, forsooth ? There shall be then no mistake. Lord Clanelly, I hereby tell you, in the presence of these gentlemen, that

you are a scoundrel—that you are a low-minded unprincipled villain, and an abject and contemptible wretch !”

“ I am ready for you,” again repeated Lord Clanelly,—and both parties seemed bent on the immediate decision of the question by arms upon the spot. The other persons present, however, could not of course allow of this. Fivebars came forward, as the second of Lord Clanelly, and proposed the following morning for the duel. It was agreed that Charenton should be the spot ; the hour, seven in the morning ; and for other particulars our hero referred Fivebars to Lord Arthur Mullingham, who would, he felt confident, undertake the office of second to him in this affair. He only expressed a wish that if the pistols did not promise to terminate the business quickly, it should be decided by the sword.

CHAPTER XX.

READER, look round amongst thine acquaintances, and tell me, is there or not among them one pale old man, who seems a thing apart and separate from the rest of the world—silent and abstracted, still and meditative—yet benevolent to all; apparently taking no interest in the passing affairs of life, yet liberal and philanthropical; ever amiable, and tender, and forgiving, and kind; not given to society, and shrinking from the voice of mirth, and never smiling, except with a most melancholy smile?—Reader, if thou knowest such a man, believe that he has loved in his youth: he once embarked his all on one frail vessel, and she sunk with the freight: he stands like a ruined merchant on the shore, wringing his hands, and lamenting.

Reader, dost thou know another old man amongst thy acquaintances, crabbed and soured in his temper,

carping at and quarrelling with everything—with the sneer for ever on his curling lip, and distrust and suspicion in his eye? Hast thou marked the sardonic expression, the witheringly bitter scorn with which he seems to look upon the actions and motives of his fellow men—the bad opinion he has of human nature—the ironical blandness of his smile—the fierceness of his occasional invective—the dry sarcasm of his every-day remarks?—If thou hast seen such a man, know that he too hath loved in his youth:—pity him, and bear with him; for he hath haply been disappointed or deceived. Look on him, as on the ruin or the wreck, for he was once a noble thing; but his blessings have been turned into curses, and his affections into bitterness and reviling.

Reader, once more I will ask thee, dost thou reckon among the circle which surrounds thee a reckless and profligate old man?—a gray-haired debauchee—one who crawls on tottering knees to his mistresses—one who has brought on premature senility by the wildness and excess of his indulgences—one who has set no bounds to his passions, but has sated himself with drinking deep of the unhallowed waters of a thousand wells—one who has been, and who is haply still, a drunkard, a gambler,

a swearer, a roué, a spendthrift—one who has lived on excitement, and continues to drink its sweet poison till it kills him?—Reader, oh! look leniently on this man's errors: he, too, haply hath loved in his youth. Learn to bear and forbear; try to pity and be wise. Perchance to drown the pain of sad remembrance; perchance to fly from the presence of unbearable thoughts; perchance to hurry on his uninteresting existence the quicker to the grave—this man hath dashed into his career of dissipation: all that he seeks is to forget; all that he woos in the embraces of others is an oblivion of that false one, who once betrayed his misplaced, but most sincere affections; or of that unhappy one, who was torn from him by uncontrollable circumstance, or by the conventions of that society, whose opinion he now braves, and sets at nought so recklessly. Pity him, reader, and forgive him! He has taken a wrong course; but in the beginning he was sincere:—remember that *corruptio optimi est pessima*. This man, like the fig-tree of Horace, might have been carved by the hands of destiny either into a footstool or a god. If circumstance had not warped him into his devilish deformity, he had been little lower than the angels.

The great, the true, the only philosophy, after all, is to be indulgent to the faults of others, for we all have faults which require other's indulgence. If Richard Bazancourt became, in after life, a reserved and silent man, a person pointed at by the finger of the crowd; if he took no delight in the dalliance of mirth and minstrelsy; if he came not to the festival, and loved not the merry laugh, nor the riot of the chase, nor the throng of towns, nor the applauses of the senate, we have seen the cause. His heart was withered up; he became an old man in his youth. Thousands of men and women love as they eat their dinners, or put on their clothes: it is one of the ordinary operations of their lives, which they consider mechanically, and adopt or lay aside at their pleasure. But there are beings of nobler natures in the world; whose love is not written in the sand, but engraven in the flinty rock, and chiselled deep in the marble. This remains when other things pass away!—Youth, joy, hope, ambition, friendship, even fades; but these men's love abideth!

Could any foresight on the part of our hero have prevented the accident which first threw him in the way of Jeannette Isabelle? Having seen her,

and spoken with her, could he help loving her? Could she any more, on the other side, avoid feeling the passion with which he inspired her?—and is there not destiny in these things?

Our hero, as soon as the preliminaries, which we have described at the end of the last chapter, were settled, hastened on his route to Paris. He took his seat again in his carriage with a light-hearted buoyancy of spirit which he had not experienced for months. He felt happy, and gay, and satisfied with himself, as he meditated on the prospect now, at length, placed straight before him of meeting his antagonist in arms.

“Now then,” said he to himself, “the time is come. Now we shall at length see whether the star of Bazancourt or Clanelly is in the ascendancy. —Whether the star of Bazancourt is in the ascendancy, said I?—How can I doubt it?—It is: it must be so. I feel here within me a certainty of success. I know that I shall triumph. I shall have my revenge—I shall wash my hands in his blood. How I hate him! for he once presumed to love what I have loved:—he has lately carried away once more from me my hidden treasure; and, perhaps, even at this very minute withholds her somewhere from my

arms. Of this I could not speak with him—propriety forbids. Decency, convention, decorum, forsooth, are arrayed against me! and then I should commit her, too, by mentioning her very name. It matters not—it will not be so to-morrow: there are no conventional rules of propriety in the grave. Death is without ceremony. I will set my foot upon his breast; and standing over him, prepared to strike, I will then ask him for my Isabelle. I will then torture him in his last moments, and complete my triumph by declaring myself her champion. I will demand her at his hands, and she shall be mine for ever.”

On arriving in Paris, our hero found, much to his satisfaction, that Mullingham was in town, and on being applied to, he readily consented to undertake the office, and to adjust with the seconds of the opposite party all the necessary points previously to the duel. As swords had been proposed as the probable termination of the affair, in case the pistols were not successful in the first instance, Lord Clanelly had wished to have two seconds on each side, as is usual among Frenchmen, and as is often the case with Englishmen also, on these occasions, in France.

The Comte de Braglia, an expert and experienced swordsman, consented to be his additional second, and the chief responsibility was undertaken by Fivebars. Lord Arthur Mullingham, on the other hand, was so fortunate as to prevail on Lord Carmansdale, who was still in Paris, to be the supernumerary second of our hero; and Lord Carmansdale was, probably, induced to consent, from the idea that he might, perhaps, act as a moderator, from his intimate connection with both parties. Of course, Lord Clanelly having now attained his majority for some time past, Lord Carmansdale had no longer any tie with that young nobleman, which could prevent his appearing as the second of his adversary, and taking a pinch of snuff from his mother-of-pearl tabatière, he assured Grainger that he would not fail to be ready for Charenton the following morning, at half-past six.

Lord Furstenroy, having ascertained these points, ordered once more his carriage to be prepared, and proceeded to Montmorency, where he was desirous of seeing once more his family, and also of arranging some of his papers and affairs, in case the termination of the duel should be different from what he so confidently anticipated. The first person whom

he encountered, on entering the old country-house at Montmorency, was his eldest sister, and as she crossed him on the staircase, she held out her hand in passing, and let drop the single word "remember." Yes! he had remembered—he would still more effectually remember her to-morrow. To-morrow! how the syllables rang in his ear! To-morrow was to decide all—on to-morrow's dawn hung all his future views, hopes, wishes, prospects—on to-morrow, as on a hinge, moved the portals of his future fate. On entering his room, he took down his sword from its resting-place, and drawing its shining blade half out of the sheath, imprinted on it a kiss, in the same manner, though with far different feelings, as Jaffier does, before he yields himself up to the ministers of justice. He took out his pistols from their case, and looked at them, and caressed them, as if they were his friends; and at last, having partaken of a quiet meal with his sisters, and imprinted on the lips of each of them a kiss, he retired to his own room for the night, in joyous and yet anxious expectancy of the morrow.

It was after he had closed his writing-case, and had begun to make preparations for his toilet on retiring to rest, that his attention was attracted to-

wards the window by a sound which seemed like the tap of a finger, three times distinctly repeated, on the glass. On turning his head towards the casement, he saw clearly, in the light of the moon, the same figure of his Jeannette Isabelle, which had twice already before paid him such mysterious visits in the night hours; but this time her face was glad and cheerful; she smiled a benignant and encouraging smile; she was no longer appareled in the trailed and draggled garments of her last appearance; she no longer wore her hair dishevelled, or looked with that inexpressibly melancholy gaze upon our hero, which had so pained him on the two prior occasions: but sunshine seemed to beam from her joyous features, so radiant did they appear with happiness. She raised her hand, and beckoned to our hero, and strange to say, the fascination which had fixed him to the ground on which he stood, on the previous interviews of the same kind, no longer existed. He was enabled to open the casement, and follow into the open garden. The figure, however, continued to retreat as he advanced. The flowing ringlets of the form were adorned with a chaplet of bright flowers, and her apparel was white, and decorated with

glittering gems, as for a bridal; and thrice, as our hero pursued her retreating steps through the garden, she stopped, and pointing to the moon, and then to the earth alternately, made three circles round her head, and then moved on again. When the figure stopped, our hero involuntarily stopped also—he could not help it—and he dared not, or could not, speak to it. At length the strange vision appeared to have arrived at the boundary wall of the garden, which was so high as effectually to prevent the escape of any one from within; our hero sprung suddenly forward, as if to clasp the phantom in his arms, but he came in violent contact with the stone-work, and the image had disappeared. It was, then, beyond doubt, a supernatural appearance, which he had thus, the third time, seen distinctly face to face; and with circumstances at once so varied and so similar, as to leave no doubt upon his mind that there was a secret meaning in these warnings; and yet the face of his Jeannette Isabelle had looked so animated with pleasure and hope on this last occasion, that he felt encouraged and inspirited by the matter. He felt that he should go forth with double confidence into the field to-morrow. His

Jeannette Isabelle had smiled on him—but she
was gone—

Lacrimantem et plura volentem
Dicere, deseruit, tenuesque recessit in auras.
Ter conatus ibi collo dare brachia circum;
Ter frustra comprensa manus effugit imago,
Par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno.

CHAPTER XXI.

EVERYBODY knows the pretty little village of Charenton. Situated at the distance of about five English miles from Paris, it seems more in the country, and more secluded from the crowd and noise of the neighbouring metropolis, than, perhaps, any other place at an equally small number of leagues from that capital. Close by, on the right, stands the veterinary school of Alfort: and further on, upon the other side of the village, is the celebrated Maison des Fous, which is one of the first and best conducted lunatic asylums in the world. It is this that is the principal feature, and which gives its chief notoriety to Charenton. The salubrity of the air, the beauty and extent of the pleasure grounds, in which the unfortunate inmates are allowed to walk, and encouraged to amuse them-

selves with the cultivation of the flowers, render this spot one of the most eligible for the purpose of restoring to reason the minds of deranged persons.

It was in a field at the back of this building, and sufficiently hidden, by a high party-wall and a row of poplars, to be tolerably safe from observation, that it had been agreed by all parties to meet for the purpose of deciding the quarrel between our hero and Lord Clanelly. The morning was sunny and delicious. All nature seemed to smile. The lark was on the wing, piping merrily. There was just sufficient breeze to prevent the heat of a July morning from being yet perceptible. The bee and the butterfly were abroad, and busying or idling among the flowers. The dew was nearly dry upon the grass, for it was just upon the hour of seven.

Our hero, accompanied by Lord Carmansdale and Lord Arthur Mullingham, was first upon the ground. He alighted with a decided step, and a firm gait, from the carriage. Joy was in his countenance, he looked elated with hope and confidence. Lord Carmansdale deposited his Louis quatorze cane under the seat of the britska, for fear it should

be stolen, and desired Anton to keep a sharp look out.

"How do you feel?" said Lord Arthur to his friend.

"Perfectly cool," was his reply; and Mullingham at the same minute looking round, added,

"We shall not have to wait long, for here comes the other party."

It was finally arranged, after much discussion among the seconds, that only one pistol shot should take place; and on the persuasion of De Braglia, they agreed that this should be done in the continental fashion, of what is called the *barrière*. *Quinze pas barrière* is the usual distance, although this varies according to circumstances, and the particular laws laid down by the seconds; but as fifteen paces was the space fixed on upon the present occasion, we will shortly describe the practice, as it is unusual in this country. Two points, or limits, are then first of all marked out in the field, at the distance of five yards, or paces, from each other; these are the two barriers, and beyond these the parties must not advance, so that they cannot by any possibility take a shot at a less distance than five paces. On each side of these two barriers, how-

ever, the seconds mark out an additional space of five paces; so that the two extreme points are fifteen paces from each other. The principals are set up at these two extreme points, and the signal being given, they do not fire together, but one after the other. Each must continue advancing from the moment the signal is given, and may fire as soon as he pleases; and one having discharged his pistol, the other is not permitted to advance any further, but may take a deliberate aim and fire from the spot in which he received the fire of his adversary.

Lord Carmansdale bowed with distant politeness to Clanelly as he alighted from his carriage, and Clanelly returned his salute with equal distance and hauteur. Lord Carmansdale also insisted with Lord Arthur Mullingham that he should undertake the province of loading the pistols; which Mullingham reluctantly consigned into his hands; as he was afraid and suspicious of some trick, which might prevent the weapons from taking so true an effect as he secretly desired.

Lord Clanelly took his pistol in hand with an affected air of indifference—"Lie down, Tartar;" he exclaimed, as the faithful animal ran almost between

his legs, and brushed him with his tail, "take this dog away, William, and tie him up, or he will be shot," he continued to his servant; but, "are you ready, gentlemen?" soon recalled his attention to the real business of the day.

Fivebars dropped his white handkerchief, which was the appointed signal; and Lord Clanelly, depending on his skill in firing, and unwilling to allow his adversary a chance, drew his trigger instantly. The ball took effect on the hat of his adversary, which it passed through, just above the point to which the head must have been inserted, and it seemed a miracle that he had escaped.

"Pshaw!" muttered Clanelly to himself.

But it was now our hero's turn to fire—and the whole party waited with fearful expectancy, scarcely venturing to draw breath, as they saw the deliberate steadiness with which he took his aim. His hand did not quiver, nor his eye flinch, and the cool determination of his whole air, seemed to give assurance to his shot. At last the words "il faut en finir," escaped his lips—he drew the trigger, and away went the bullet, rising in the air far above his adversary's head, and making a report of incredible loudness. Mullingham at once perceived that the

pistol had been badly loaded; and, in fact, Lord Carmansdale, anxious, if possible, to save the life of his late protégé, Clanelly, as well as that of his principal, had, with the connivance of the pacific Fivebars, put in a double charge of powder into both pistols; a thing which inevitably causes a ball to rise and describe an arc, instead of a straight line, in its progress. The dispute, however, was not yet decided.

"The swords," whispered our hero, with an intense deep breathing, and half choked with the mortification of having missed his aim. "Bring me the swords—this time I cannot fail:" but Mullingham, who well knew the proficiency of Lord Clanelly in fencing, did not feel now so confident as before in the success of his friend.

"Be cautious," said he, "and keep yourself cool," as he placed our hero in his proper position, and gave the rapier into his hand.

"*I am cool,*" was his reply: but no sooner was the word for the assault given, than the impetuosity of our hero's temper, and the bitter hatred which he bore to Clanelly, carried him beyond all bounds in the violence of his attack. Clanelly, collected and wary, retreated gradually, with all the tact

which his long experience gave him, keeping his eye steadily fixed on that of his opponent, and parrying skilfully his well-aimed blows. At last, in withdrawing himself too suddenly from a thrust in tierce, which he attempted to stop with the guard of semicercle, his foot slipped upon the dewy grass, and he fell on his back upon the ground. Our hero stood over him contemplating his humiliation and mortification, and waited quietly till his seconds had assisted him to rise, and placed him once more in a condition to carry on the contest. Then it was that the thrusts of our hero were redoubled with tenfold energy; the blades of their swords glinted sparks of living fire. The assault of Bazancourt was terrific. He seemed actually to hurl himself upon his enemy with each push he gave—again—again—again—following up as the other retreated, pressing him most when he fancied that he seemed fatigued or breathless. Art was exhausted by the skill displayed on both sides. The spectators were in an agony of suspense, not knowing how this would end. Clanelly warded off adroitly a desperate lunge in quart made by Bazancourt. Bazancourt instantly made a coupé over the point of his sword, and plunged his own weapon into Clanelly's breast, then

leaning on it with all his weight, he seemed to feel a triumphant pleasure in the thought, as he saw the red warm stream ooze out ; as he withdrew the blade, the blood spirted forcibly and far, and the green grass was crimsoned with it. Clanelly fell heavily to the ground. Yet, even on the ground, and writhing with the pain of his death-wound, he did not forget the dæmoniac hatred with which he regarded his adversary. Stuffing a handkerchief against the gaping wound, and endeavouring to rise, he beckoned to his seconds to help him once more upon his legs.

“ I am not beat,” he exclaimed, “ ’tis nothing—a mere scratch—I can go on again—I am ready—oh ! this wound—’twas badly done of me—I was too slow with my guard—oh !—”

Who is it that is rushing over the meadow there, with frantic gesture, and with streaming hair ? with eyes flashing with the fire of madness, and waving her arms aloft so menacingly ? From an obscure back door in the dead wall, which enclosed the back part of the *Maison des Fous*, a figure issued just as the last fatal thrust of the encounter was given. ’Tis she ! ’tis she !—at once our hero knew her—’twas indeed his Jeannette Isabelle—but she was

raving mad—she came dancing on in frantic guise, stooping ever and anon to gather some flower from the ground—and she had twined wild-flowers in her floating hair too—and dressed herself with all the ornaments in her possession. Clanelly also recognized her, although his vision was waxing dim, and his senses weak ; but she roused him, for she ran up to him as he lay upon the ground, and shook him by the shoulder—

“ Hah ! ” she shrieked aloud, “ blood ! red blood ! why he is dying ! going to be happy ! going to his rest ! going to be free !—keep him alive, good friends—let me bandage him ! I would not have him die !—no—no—’twere pity that so kind and good a man should die ! The grave is too good for him—the winding-sheet is too warm a covering—the funeral bell would sound too gaily on his burial day—ding dong—ding dong—ding dong—I hear it now, it is calling me—away ! hark ! away !—’twas very cold that night—my feet ache still with my journey. They brought me here—I know not where it is, but it is not very far from death. The tomb is open for me, and I am coming, good death—kind death—gentle death—I only would bid farewell to my infant and my love—where is he ? ”

But our hero, unable to restrain longer those emotions which were bursting within him ; and seeing that Clanelly was already properly attended by his two seconds, and under the care of the surgeon, was already by our heroine's side ; he had already surrounded her waist with his arm to support her, and looking into her eyes, seemed to endeavour to recall her to reason and recollection in vain. Clanelly looked darkly and suspiciously on the scene, as he beheld the care and anxiety with which our hero was paying such devoted attention to his wife ; but the pain he suffered, and the operations and remonstrances of the surgeon, prevented his speaking. Jeannette Isabelle displayed not the slightest recollection of our hero.

"I know you not," she repeated wildly ; "I know you not—unhand me—death is my friend—he is a lover that never fails his mistress when she sends for him."

These words, said as if in allusion to the letter which he had failed to answer, went to the heart of our hero.

It was just at this conjuncture that another carriage was seen approaching by the road which skirted the end of the field, and our hero beheld

descending from it the mysterious old lady with whom he had formerly deposited his Jeannette Isabelle at Fontainebleau, who now advanced, bearing in her arms the precious pledge which she had still retained—namely, the little beautiful Florence.

“My wife! Lady Carmansdale!” exclaimed Lord Carmansdale as she approached.

It was, indeed, no other than the wife of Lord Carmansdale, whom we have above described as a married man, although he and his lady had been separated for years, on account of the incompatibility of their tastes and habits. She, nevertheless, had always retained sufficient regard for her husband, to be anxious, on all possible occasions, to be informed of his movements. Hearing by her secret channels of information, that his lordship was engaged to set off early this morning for Charenton, and wishing to have an interview with him for the purpose of consulting him regarding the child of Lord Clanelly, now that she seemed to have totally lost sight of its mother, she had followed his carriage to this spot. Perhaps she had also a presentiment that a duel was in agitation, and impressed with her peculiarly zealous views of religion upon that point, she might have accelerated her journey with the

secret hope of perhaps preventing bloodshed. Be this as it may, she arrived too late for this. The life-blood of Lord Clanelly was ebbing fast, and she saw that she had little time to lose. She approached him with the child, and kneeling before him, presented it to him in her arms, saying, "Lord Clanelly, behold your daughter."

The dying man's blood was for a moment staunch—his pulses ceased—he was aghast and staggered at this sudden and incomprehensible address.

"*My* daughter!" he faltered out languidly; "do not mock a dying man! would that it were so!"

"Indeed, indeed," repeated emphatically the old lady, "it is fact; you are a father, and this child is yours. It was I who, availing myself of the name and authority of Lord Carmansdale, as your relative and guardian, succeeded in obtaining the keys of your wife's apartment at the time when you had secluded her in London, bribing the servants to permit her escape, and carrying her away into the country. Lord Clanelly, your wife was then enceinte. Within a short period of the time of her leaving you, this child was born. That it is yours

the very lineaments of its face bespeak. The registry of its age and baptism will be found at the Catholic chapel in Oxford. Should you require other witnesses they shall be brought."

"Witnesses! 'tis too late to bring them here for me," sighed forth the weakened voice of Clanelly; "I shall not live to see them, but I believe you, Lady Carmansdale; I thank you for it; but let me kiss my daughter;" and as Lady Carmansdale held out the pretty Florence to her father's lips, she drew back at the sight of the blood and at the paleness of his face and screamed.

"I give thee my blessing, my child," came almost inaudibly from Clanelly's lips; and keeping his eyes fixedly and sorrowfully on the figure of his frantic wife, he at last grasped convulsively the grass with his fingers, as if to support himself, and rolling over on his side, expired in the arms of his attendants.

"Is he dead? No! he is sleeping! wake him again! I want to talk to him!" exclaimed Jeannette Isabelle, still raving with the delirium of her madness: "I would reproach him for his baseness! I would wring his last moments with agony! I would make him know me well, ere he went out of the

world ! but the worms will do the work soon and quickly—let us dance !” and not in the least recognising Bazancourt, who was kneeling at her feet, although she thus seemed to evince some indistinct recollection of her husband, our heroine began again to rush frantically in circles round the corpse, laughing wildly ; “ Ha ! ha ! ha !—ha ! ha ! ha !—he hears me now—he is sinking—sinking in the pit—deep, deep, down—I come too—I follow—save me—where is my love ?”

At that moment the clock in the tower of Charenton church struck eight—the chimes fell musically on the ear of the listening group—and at the same instant, a little Savoyard in the distance, who had wandered in ignorance so near the melancholy scene, commenced playing on his hand-organ the well-known melody of “ Marlbrook is gone to the wars.” On so slight casualties do the most momentous events in men’s lives sometimes depend ! Jeannette Isabelle started, looked once wildly round her, and rushed into our hero’s arms.

“ Oh ! my only hope and strength,” she cried aloud, “ thou art then here !”

Her senses had perfectly returned—the chord of memory had been touched by the mystic melody or

by the peal of the church-tower—and all her faculties were instantaneously restored. She gazed on her dead husband—on her sorrowing lover—on her speechless child—and though reason had re-asserted its empire, the aggravation and accumulation of calamities and trials—the mixture of excessive joy and the shock of terror—was too much for her ; her accents faltered, and she burst into tears.

“ My own ! my beloved ! come to me now, and let us pass the rest of our days together,” exclaimed Bazancourt ; “ come to my arms, and let us be at peace ; all our trials, all our difficulties, all our dangers are over, and nothing remains but—”

“ For me to die,” responded calmly Jeannette Isabelle ; “ I have always wished for death, and it is sweeter to me thus to pillow my head upon the knee of him I love, and so fall quietly asleep, than to live longer here. Bring me my babe, too ; I would embrace her, ere I go to my home. Richard, let her be your charge, your care, your trust ; let it be your pleasure and your pride, if you should hereafter retain a place in your memory for one who has loved you better than her life, to love this child. In her youth, guide her and guard her ; and when she grows up, warn her against the errors of her

mother. I bless you both—farewell ;—and come sometimes, Richard, and sit by me, and talk to me, and scatter flowers on my grave ; I shall not hear you, nor see you, but the thought is sweet to me ;—farewell.”

Our hero looked at Lady Carmansdale, and he saw that she too had perceived the solemn sad change which had passed over the features of his loved one ;—the living had become dead—the creature had passed into clay. He stood there silent and dejected. He was a mourner indeed. The world to him was empty—existence dreary—life without a charm. He took the infant in his arms, and imprinted on its brow a kiss. That infant had now become, by the descent in the female line which was permitted to the family, the Countess of Clannelly ; large lands and plentiful riches were hers in store, but she had become in one hour doubly an heiress and an orphan.

That instant our hero vowed upon the spot a solemn vow that he would adopt her entirely as his own—that she should supply the place in his thoughts of her who was gone before him to her rest—that all his worldly goods, interests, power, should be directed only to the service and the ad-

vantage of this child : and though the stream of years has not rolled as yet far on, though the flowers are yet fresh upon the turfy tomb of Isabelle, and the sad tale is green in the memories of them that knew the history, it may be truly said that Lord Furstenroy has abided, and gives proof that he will abide, by his word. Alone, with the daughter of his dearest-beloved companion and of his bitterest foe, he inhabits his retreat in the country ; and often at evening, as he paces up and down that old avenue, which we described in our first volume as one of the most beautiful features of the Northamptonshire estate, he is seen to stop, when the sun has set, and silence reigns, and the deer are sleeping round him ; and some say that he holds commune there with a vision, some phantom invisible to all but to himself. He mixes not with the world—he reads much—and his talents and information might ensure him fame and power in that senate, whose applause and whose laurels he despises. He only smiles when Victoire brings to him the little Florence, and he asks, “ Think you she grows liker to her mamma ? ” or else at night-fall, when his mysterious visitant—his spectral comforter—hath met him in his walk ; then it is that his countenance beams happily, and

he appears solaced and glad, and he articulated once, on such an occasion, audibly, "She is then in heaven!"

"Celui qui n'a pas souffert, dit un prophète, que sait-il?"

CHAPTER XXII.

WE have now conducted our readers to the end of this tragical history ; and if we have been too tedious in describing its minutiae, or too attentive to detail in analyzing the workings of the heart, we can only thank them for their patience, and request them to accept as our apology, that "*difficile est propriè communia dicere.*" The remaining personages, whom we have introduced to their acquaintance, "to point our moral or adorn our tale," although numerous, are too unimportant to detain us long. We have certainly, as we have said, a good many of them ; we have of young ladies alone as many on our list to be provided with husbands in our last chapter as even the honourable and disagreeable Mrs. Scraggs herself, or any other elderly chaperon. We will begin, however, by accounting, first of all, for the manner in which our heroine had first found a refuge in the madhouse of Charenton.

This was done through the instrumentality of no less a person than our old republican friend, Sansargent, who, after the death of Boivin, and his own acquittal, finding politics a bad trade, had renounced them altogether, and had obtained an appointment as one of the keepers of the lunatics in this Maison des Fous. He had been sent by the governor, to conduct back a patient to Meaux, and had been returning along the road late at night, when, finding Jeannette Isabelle wandering about in that distracted condition, in which we have described her as having fled from her husband, in the vicinity of Clayes, he took compassion upon her, placed her beside him in his carriage, and conducted her safe to the asylum. From this retreat she had artfully contrived to escape, but in a decided state of madness, just at the time when the fatal duel had ended. Our hero, having discovered this service to have been rendered by Sansargent, settled on him a pension for the rest of his life.

Poor old mother Boivin also, as having been connected more or less with the fortunes of his late brother, Lord Fletcher, was offered her choice of being brought to England, and being furnished with a cottage on Lord Furstenroy's estate, or of receiv-

ing an annual pension in Paris. She preferred the latter; as having been born in the Rue St. Denis, she wished to die there also. She, however, accepted the pension, and continued cursing the sacrés chiens d'Anglais to the last, even while she was living on their bounty. St. Just's celebrated code of laws for the immortal republic, which her son used to quote, contains the following rule:—"Un homme convaincu d'ingratitude est banni;" but Madame Boivin never approved of her son's line of politics.

Lord Carmansdale, shortly after this recognition of his wife, whom he had not previously seen for years, died. The cause of his death was the fact of his having gone out without his great coat one chilly day, to look at some watches at Brequet's, in consequence of Anton having not allowed him to wear it, on account of economy. He left his collection of snuffboxes and canes to Lord Furstenroy, with long written directions in his will for polishing them, and keeping them in order. His diplomatic appointment was considered a great windfall by ministers, and was filled up in the next gazette: after this he was entirely forgotten.

His widow continued to live on the continent until her death, only paying an occasional visit to

England, for the purpose of seeing the progress made by her little protégée, Florence, in Northamptonshire.

The Comte de Carbonnelle continued to live with his wife, who wrote a very proper letter to her brother after the duel, expressing her perfect satisfaction at the way in which it had terminated. George Grainger remained an idle man, and a hanger-on about the house; but Carbonnelle, though naturally stupid, knew the value of the French proverb, that “un cocu est un homme d’esprit, quand il sait se taire.”

Lord Arthur Mullingham, having ascertained that a very ample fortune had been settled on Lady Fanny Bazancourt, by her father, the late earl, shortly afterwards made proposals, and was accepted; although she had formerly pronounced him to be her “bête noire,” and he had declared, on the other hand, that she was his “absolute horror;” but they were both clever people in their way, and it is written that great wits have short memories.

Our good Irish friend, the Kilkenny cat, was, soon after this period also, so fortunate as to prevail on Miss Barbara Scraggs to become Mrs. Fitz-Waterton, even without the consent of mamma; but

necessity is the mother of invention, and faint heart never won fair lady. It was within an exceedingly short interval after his marriage, that he one day met Fivebars, who married the other sister.

"Well, Fivebars, my dear fellow," said he, "which do you think you are—an uncle or an aunt?"

"What do you mean," said Fivebars; "you were only married the other day."

"Well—I know; but upon my honour and credit, I've got a little child come to town:—what do you think it is?"

"A girl," said Fivebars.

"No!—guess again."

"A boy," said Fivebars.

"Ah! sure now somebody told ye," replied Fitz-Waterton.

We have said that Fivebars shortly after espoused another daughter of the house of Scraggs; and this circumstance in some sort consoled the disconsolate and honourable mamma for the bad match made by her rebellious second daughter. Fivebars, however, kept up his character as the uncomfortable man. Shortly after his marriage, he gave a great house-warming at his new house, which he was building

in Leicestershire, to a large party of his friends. The house in fact was not finished at the time. The dining-room was complete, and furnished, and they sat down in it thirty to dinner; but the room immediately overhead had not yet even been boarded over, and the rafters were visible, shewing through their interstices the lath and plaster which formed the ceiling of the room below. Fivebars had particularly charged his wife not to run the risk of stepping across these rafters; but nevertheless, as soon as the ladies had left the dining-room, she took a candle in her hand, and offered to shew the extensive dimensions of the future drawing-room to her friends. As she stepped across from one beam to another, her foot slipped; and Fivebars and the rest of the company below hearing a crash, and seeing the desert covered suddenly with a shower of mortar, looked up, and there they beheld the unfortunate Mrs. Fivebars, dangling from the ceiling, having arrested her fall with her elbows, which she kept extended across the rafters, to support her. This is what might be called a good introduction to the county.

Bob Tracy, in the mean time, having tired out all his friends, and being completely tired of himself, though not given to matrimony, started one fine

morning in a steamer for America, taking with him nothing but a stout pair of shoes and a hatchet ; and telling his acquaintances that they would shortly hear of his keeping a small shop, with—small beer sold here—at Bogota, or a gin-palace, on the top of Chimborazo.—Some time afterwards, it was reported that he had returned, and had brought with him a fine collection of parrots and parroquets, for the sale of which he had established a regular trade by commission with a red Indian tribe in the back settlements : he taught all his parrots to quote Horace, and sing Drops of Brandy, and might be seen daily at his stand, at the corner of Pall Mall, with a long pole over his shoulder, and wires as perches for the parrots, swung in balance at either end ; and the remaining Miss Scraggs, who seemed now destined to become an old maid, purchased one of the parrots.

The pretty Mrs. Blandford still continued to exhibit her children as if they were wild beasts, and herself the keeper of the ménagerie : her last joke was as follows—

“ Who was the wisest man, my little dear ? ”

“ Solomon, mamma.”

“ And who was the wisest woman, Charlie ? ”

"There never was a wise woman, mamma," answered Charlie.

"Do make him say it again—it is so pretty," exclaimed the delighted audience.

Olympe, Comtesse de Hauteville, continued to observe all those exact distinctions and precise differences which separate at Paris the class of "*femmes honnêtes*" from that of "*femmes galantes*."

Sir Derby Doncaster fell ill of the gout; and his physician ordered him to be fired in the off hind leg, blistered, and turned out at Baden-Baden for a summer's run.

The Rev. Samuel Circumflex took at last a college living; and if not exactly a Pharisee, continued, at any rate, to play the part of a High Priest: that naughty boy, Bob Tracy, finding that he was staying in London, and used to pass every day down Pall Mall, took great pains to teach his parrots to say "No parsons;" and thought of that soliloquy, put into the mouth of le bon Dieu by Béranger:

"A ces gens-là, si j'ouvre ma porte,
Que le diable m'emporte! que le diable m'emporte!"

At last, our hero being one day in London, and passing by from his club, thought he recognized the features of Bob Tracy, as those of an old college

acquaintance. Finding it to be the case, he gave him his hand, helped him out of all his difficulties, procured for him ordination, through his interest with the Bishop of Hornchester, a particular friend and distant connection of his own family, and presented him to the finest living in the gift of the Earls of Furstenroy, where Bob made an excellent parish priest, and all the better for his experience—bowed with a patronizing air to his old tutor, when he met him at the Visitations—and enjoyed an income, from his tithes and glebe, of four times the amount of that which the Rev. Samuel Circumflex derived from his college vicarage. Bob was shortly afterwards made, through the continued kindness of Lord Furstenroy, his domestic chaplain, and has been promised a prebendal stall in a cathedral in the north, when a vacancy occurs!—Gentle reader, farewell!

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